THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER XI.

ODE.

By Dr. GEORGE SHAW.

HIGH where yon rock aspiring towers,
Britain, thy holy guardian stands.
First his prophetic prayer he pours,
Then views with lofty scorn thy foe's audacious bands.

O Thou, by whom the chosen race
With feet unwetted pass'd the sand,
While wat'ry walls around them hung,
Upheld by Thy all-powerful hand;
Guard with Thy shield Britannia's patriot train,
Or whelm yon fiercer Pharaoh in the main!

Eager to meet the fiend of France,
See Britain's fiery sons advance;
Tyrant, avaunt! no land of slaves
Before thy haggard glance appears;
No sad Egyptian race to stoop,
And shed unpitied tears.
In this green isle's protected ground:
Heav'n spreads its choicest sweets around.
There Liberty in triumph reigns,
Fresh as the verdure of the plains.
No tribes like thine unhallow'd must intrude;
Or welter round her sea-girt coast, and tinge the waves with blood.

View on her shores yon proud array,
And measure back thy wat'ry way:
O'er crowds of slaves, a fell usurper, reign,
While ruin'd millions gnaw the galling chain.

Monster! by Heaven's mysterious will,
Perchance one fatal glory waits thee still:
Than fits thy crimes a brighter destiny!
To fall on England's shore! by British hands to die!

See o'er the gloomy tyrant's face
The yellow paleness paler grow!
See, thro' the change of mad despair,
Yon cheek assumes a feeble glow!
'Tis done!—thy doom is seal'd; thy race is run;
Thy laurels blasted, and thy trophies gone!

Thus may Ambition's sons accurs'd
For ever fall and die;
Thus Britain's sons for ever guard
Their land of Liberty!

INSTRUCTIONS

For the conduct of VOLUNTEERS *during Invasion; extracted from the Regimental Orders, issued by* LIEUT. COL. HOPE, *to the first regiment of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers.*

IN the view of the regiment being called into actual service, the Lieutenant Colonel thinks it necessary to issue orders applicable to that event.—As it is the first duty of a commanding officer to attend to the health of those under his charge, the Lieutenant-Colonel assures the regiment, that he will not permit a single gentleman, officer, or private, to march out of Edinburgh on service, unless he is provided with a flannel under-dress. This is at all times the best clothing for a soldier; but for a winter campaign, in such a climate as this, and with constitutions not accustomed to hardships, it is essentially necessary, and on no account to be dispensed with.

In this regiment, the officers cannot be permitted to have any indulgences or accommodation beyond the privates. They must therefore march with their whole baggage on their backs, of which the Lieutenant-Colonel shall set the example, never mounting his horse, but for the purpose of command. In camp or quarters no distinction of tents or rooms will be permitted. Officers and privates must fare alike, but the officers will mess together, as it will give opportunities, not otherwise to be easily obtained, of conversing on many points of regimental duty.

The horses, which by the King's regulations, are allowed to the officers, will be appropriated to general purposes. The only exception to this is to be in favour of the chaplain, adjutant, and surgeons.

Every officer and private, therefore, will immediately provide himself with the following articles, and keep them constantly packed up in the neatest and most compact manner.

1 Worsted or flannel night-cap to tie under the chin.
2 Flannel underwaistcoats, with sleeves, or at least half sleeves to the elbows, and to come well down over the loins.
2 Pair of flannel drawers.

2 Pair

2 Pair of thick worsted stockings, or ancle socks.
2 Pair of strong shoes,
[One of these to be on the body, and the other in the knapsack.]
1 Pair of worsted gloves.
1 Good warm blanket—one blanket easily covers two men, and to be so used, if the cold requires it.
Comb, brush, and implements for shaving, but as few as possible. A piece of pipe clay and blacking ball. A few needles, and worsted and thread.

Each gentleman may also bring with him his ordinary great coat, as the blanket renders it less necessary to have proper watch coats.

Each officer and private will also provide himself, and repair to the alarm post (on the north side of St. Andrew's Square, unless differently ordered), with four pound and a half of biscuit or bread. Haversacks, canteens, camp kettles, and bill-hooks, are to be issued to the regiment from the King's stores. Knapsacks will be furnished out of the regimental fund.

On halting for the day or night, the Lieutenant Colonel earnestly recommends, that no gentleman shall lie down to sleep while warm, or with wet feet—but, however fatigued, always to take time to cool gradually, and to put on his dry stockings and shoes. In case of being very wet, it is highly useful to rub the body and limbs with spirits, warm if possible, taking at the same time a mouthful, and not more, inwardly, diluted with warm water, if to be had. Gentlemen will see the propriety of not taking too much money with them. One or two guineas at most, part in silver, will be sufficient.

As to the field, the Lieutenant-Colonel has little to say. Much will be expected by their country from such a regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel has no anxiety on the subject, except from its impetuosity. If the regiment were acting singly against another small body, this might produce no bad effect. —But acting in combination with other troops, perhaps in the centre of a line or chain of posts, all movements must be relative, and by rushing forward prematurely, the line may be broken, other regiments or posts exposed to be taken in flank, and the whole plans of the Commander disconcerted, by the necessity of supporting a body which has improperly pushed forward, or reinforcing the post it has quitted. The regiment, therefore, will recollect, that true courage consists as much in suffering as in acting—as much, or more, in coolly facing danger, as in furiously rushing on it. There is little probability that the General will allow young and high spirited troops to be long galled by distant fire. The regiment may be assured, that they will be allowed to close with the enemy, whenever it can be done to advantage.

Whenever that moment comes, the Lieutenant-Colonel reminds the regiment of the instructions he has been inculcating on them at drill, to make their charge with the utmost steadiness and precision, so that all parts of the line, by coming in contact with the enemy at the same instant, may support one another. The leading company will take care not to hurry too much, but to carry on the line, so that each individual may preserve the entire command of his person; that he may be able freely to use his bayonet, not only to thrust, but to parry. If the charge is made with too great rapidity, the line will be broke, one part of the regiment will be cut to pieces before another comes up, and the whole will

rush on certain destruction; whereas, if the charge is made steadily and correctly, the superior strength and *impetus* of this regiment must bear down whatever is in its way.

If the force of the enemy, in immediate contact with this regiment, be broken, the pursuit is by no means to be made without orders. It may be necessary to wheel to the right or left to support other parts of the line.

In firing, the regiment will see the folly and danger of firing at random. If their fire is ineffectual, they may as well stand to be shot at with ordered arms. Every individual must take a steady aim, so as to be certain that his shot will take place in some part of the platoon opposite to him. If the smoke prevents the regiment from seeing the enemy's line distictly, they will always see the flash from the muzzles of their muskets, by which the regiment can direct its own fire. In short, let the object rather be to keep up a well-directed, than a very quick fire—always remembering, that as little time be lost in loading as possible. It will be the business of the supernumerary rank in the rear to look over the shoulders of the ranks in front, and to correct any error in the aim.

When prisoners are taken they are to be immediately disarmed and passed to the rear.

If the regiment (which is not likely) should be charged in front by cavalry, they will on no account fire till ordered, and then only the two front ranks; the front rank taking aim at the horses, and the centre rank at the men. If the fire is reversed, and then given, within a few yards, in the faces of the cavalry, one half will drop, and the horses, in all probability, will carry the other half to the right about;—and, at all events, if the regiment will only receive them steadily, without breaking, though the whole may be overthrown, very few will be killed or hurt. Receiving a charge from cavalry, each rank will charge their bayonets, one over the other. The supernumerary rank to close well up to the rear, so that the cavalry may have no time to make a cut at them.

Should the regiment be drawn up on a beach to oppose the landing of the enemy, it will probably be ordered to reserve its fire—as the horizontal fire of musquetry, against men well covered in boats, must be very ineffectual. In such cases, it is only cannon which can play on the enemy with effect.—The battalion, therefore, will reserve its fire till the boats take the ground, when each officer commanding a platoon will pour in his fire on the boat opposite to him, at the instant the enemy oppose themselves, by rising up in the boat in order to leap on shore—a well-directed fire against men so huddled together must be destructive, and the battalion will instantly give them the bayonet, before they have time to form and recover from their confusion. It is hardly possible that any troops can withstand this mode of attack; whereas, if met only by a distant fire from the heights, they will suffer little—will infallibly land and form, and press on with all the spirit and advantage which usually attend the assailants. This was precisely the error which the French committed, when opposing the landing of our troops in Egypt.

Should the boats of the enemy be fitted with guns in their bows, the battalion will endeavour to shelter itself behind sand-hills, walls, or broken ground, while the enemy pull for the shore; and it will not be advanced to the beach, till the boats are nearly aground, when, of course, the enemy cannot

cannot give above one discharge of their guns, which becoming useless the moment they attempt to land, the regiment will attack them as already directed.

Adhering to these hints—steadily obeying orders, restraining impetuosity, and fighting with the cool determined courage of their native minds, instead of imitating the intoxicated and blind fury of their enemy, and, above all, calling on the God of Battles to aid them in the preservation of those blessings which He has conferred upon them, this regiment may hope to render essential service, and to merit a large share of that glory which shall be acquired by all the forces of their country, in repelling the threatened Invasion.

By order of the Commanding Officer,

BAIN WHYT,
Capt. and Adj. 1st Regt. R. E. V.

WARNING TO BRITONS;

Or a faint description of the barbarities, rapacities, and cruelties committed by the French, in those Countries which they have entered, either as friends or foes.

ITALY.

IN 1796, Bonaparte, at the head of a numerous French army, invaded Italy, declaring to the people, that he came as their friend and their brother, to deliver them from taxes and slavery, and promising them safety for their persons, security for their property, respect for their laws, and reverence for their religion. They listened, they believed; they threw open their gates, they laid down their arms, they received the Gallic Serpent to their bosom! and fatal indeed were the effects of their credulity! His reverence for their religion he displayed by giving up all their places of worship to indiscriminate plunder, and by defiling them with every species of sacrilege; his respect for their laws was evinced, not only by the abrogation of those laws, but by the arbitrary enforcements of an unconditional submission to the mandates of himself and his generals; the security which he promised to their property was exhibited in enormous contributions, in the seizure of all public funds, as well as those of every charitable foundation, not excepting schools, hospitals, or any other resource for the support of the poor, the aged and the helpless; and as to the persons of the unfortunate people, he provided for their safety by laying the whole country under the severest military execution; by giving up their towns and villages to fire and sword, and by exposing the inhabitants to be pillaged and murdered by his rapacious and inhuman soldiers, whom he authorized and even ordered to shoot every man that attempted to resist them, whatever might be the crimes in which they were engaged.

EGYPT.

BOANPARTE invaded Egypt, where he repeated his promises to respect religion, property, and persons; and where, the more effectually to disguise his purposes, he issued a proclamation, declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans; and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds, after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. "The people," says one of his generals, "betake themselves to their Prophet, and fill their mosques; but men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, are all massacred!" Some time after this sanguinary transaction, Bonaparte, having made prisoners of three

three thousand eight hundred Turks, in the fortress of Jaffa, and wishing to relieve himself from the trouble and expence of guarding and supporting them, ordered them to be marched to an open place, where part of his army fired on them with musketry and grape shot, stabbing and cutting to death the few who escaped the fire, while he himself looked on and rejoiced at the horrid scene. Nor were his cruelties, while in Egypt, confined to those whom he called his enemies; for finding his hospitals at Jaffa crowded with sick soldiers, and desiring to disencumber himself of them, he ordered one of his physicians to destroy them by poison; the physician refused to obey; but an apothecary was found willing to perpetrate the deed; opium was mixed with the food, and thus five hundred and eighty Frenchmen perished by the order of the General, under whose banners they had fought; by the order of that very man, to whose despotic sway the whole French nation now patiently submit. Let them so submit; but let us not think of such shameful, such degrading submission.

Such was the treatment which the country experienced under Bonaparte. But when he had disgracefully fled from the land which he had thus ravaged, fleeced and scourged, his vile army still continued to commit those abominable excesses which had marked their progress in every country so unfortunate as to fall under their tyranny.

The following extract from a book, written by the desire of, and dedicated to, Bonaparte, sufficiently speaks for itself:—"The fate of the people for whose happiness we no doubt came to Egypt, was no better. If, at our approach, terror made them leave their houses, they found, on their return, nothing but the mud of which the walls were composed: utensils, ploughs, gates, roofs, every thing served to boil our soup; their pots were broken, their grain was eaten, their fowls and pigeons roasted, and nothing was left but the carcases of their dogs, when they defended the property of their masters. If we remained in their villages the wretches were summoned to return, under pain of being treated as rebels, and, in consequence, doubly taxed; and when they yielded to these menaces, and came to pay their tax, it sometimes happened that from their great number, they were taken for a body of revolters, their sticks for arms, and they received some discharges of musketry before there was time for explaining the mistake; the dead were interred, and we remained friends till a safe opportunity for revenge occured."

SWITZERLAND.

In Switzerland, where high rank and great riches were unknown, where men were nearest upon an equality than in any other country in the world; in a country *having no commerce, scarcely any manufactures*, and possessing few of the sources of wealth and distinction; a country of shepherds and labourers; a country which might be truly said to contain a nation of poor men; in such a country to cry "War to Palaces" seemed useless and absurd. Yet did the French find a pretext for war with this poor and harmless race, and for invading and laying waste their territory.

After having, by means of an armistice, joined to the most solemn promise of respect for persons and property, lulled the people into a state of imaginary security, the armistice was broken, and the French pushed on their forces, when those of the Swiss were dispersed. Resistance on the part of the

the latter, whose numbers did not amount to a tenth of those of their flagitious enemy, now became hopeless: and though the little army was brave, though the people were faithful and active, though the last battle was long, obstinate and bloody; though the Swiss achieved wonders, and though the women fought by the sides of their husbands, inciting them to victory or death, all was in vain! Hundreds and thousands perished by the sabres of the French, and while the earth was strewed with their dead bodies, and while the flames ascended from the once happy dwellings of this valiant and innocent people, the hard-earned and long preserved liberties of Switzerland expired.

HOLLAND.

When the French Armies entered the territories of Holland, her motto was, "War to the Palace, but Peace to the Cottage." They came to deliver the people from their rulers, and from the burthens which those rulers imposed. The Dutch, like the Italians, lent an ear to their artful and perfidious declarations, believing that their cottages would be spared, and careless of the fate of the palace. But, alas! they soon found, that French rapacity, like the hail and the thunder, fell alike on the thatched roof and the gilded doom. The palaces once seized on, the cottages soon followed; while all those who were found in the intermediate space, the merchants, the manufacturer, the farmer and the tradesman, were sunk in the common ruin: happy, if by the loss of their property, they had the good fortune to preserve their lives!

These miserable beings possess nothing of their own; they can acquire nothing with the hope of enjoying or bequeathing it; they can make no provision for the weakness of disease, the feebleness of old age, or the helplessness of infancy; they are the mere political drudges of a hard-hearted tyrant, who suffers them to live only while their labours administer to his projects of ambition, and who, when his purposes demand it, puts an end at once to their toils and their existence.

GERMANY.

The invasions of this country were attended with crimes too atrocious to be credited, were they not proved by indisputable evidence, and did they not accord with the general practice of the inhuman wretches by whom they were committed. In adverting to these detestable acts of oppression and cruelty, we must recollect, that they were perpetrated upon a people who had made no resistance of any sort against the invaders, and who, in every instance, had entered into an agreement with the French Generals, to pay them great sums of money, in order to preserve their country from plunder. In consequence of the ransom thus wrung from the people, the invaders declared, by public proclamation, that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be strictly respected; and that their rights, usages, laws and religion, should remain inviolate and undisturbed. On these assurances, thus solemnly made, the credulous people all implicitly relied, while some of the poorer classes regarded the French, not as enemies, but as their deliverers from taxes and labour. No sooner had the invasion taken place, no sooner had the French become masters of the Country, than they spread themselves over it like beasts of prey, devouring and destroying every thing before them. They spared neither cities nor towns, neither villages nor hamlets, nor solitary houses; from the

church

church to the cell, from the castle to the cottage, no state of life, however lofty, or however humble, escaped their rapacious assaults; no sanctity escaped their veneration; no grandeur their respect; no misery their forbearance or their pity. After having plundered the houses of the gentry, the clergy, and the tradesman; after having pillaged the shops, warehouses and manufactories, they proceeded to the farm-houses and cottages, they rifled the pockets and chests of the inhabitants, cut open their beds, took up the floors of the rooms, dug up their cellars, searched the newly made graves, and broke open the coffins, in hopes of finding secreted money. They sometimes threatened people with immediate death, sometimes put them to the torture, sometimes lacerated and crippled them, in order to wring from them a discovery of their little pittance of ready money. The deepest and most apparent poverty was no protection against their rapacity; grey hairs and lisping infancy, the sick, the dying, women in child bed, were alike exposed to the most inhuman treatment; dragged from their beds, kicked, wounded, and frequently killed, under the pretence that they were the keepers of secreted treasure. The teams and flocks, cattle of every kind, the maurauders drove off, cut to pieces on the spot, or left in a state of mutilation; corn, hay and straw, they wasted or burnt! they demolished the houshold furniture; destroyed the utensils of the dairies, the barns and the stables; tore down the gates; levelled the fences. In many places they stripped the clothes from the backs of the people, set their liquor flowing in the cellar, burnt their provisions to ashes. The churches, whether Romish or Protestant, they rendered a scene of indiscriminate robbery, of sacrilege and blasphemy, too shocking to describe. Towards women of all ages and all conditions, they were guilty of brutality never before heard of: neither extreme youth nor extreme age; neither weakness nor deformity, nor the most loathsome diseases; neither the pangs of labour nor the agonies of death could restrain them; shrieks, tears, supplications, were of no avail; and where fathers, husbands or brothers interfered, murder seldom failed to close the horrible scene.

Such are the barbarities which have been inflicted on other nations. The recollection of them will never be effaced; the melancholy story will be handed down from generation to generation, to the everlasting infamy of the Republicans of France, and as an awful warning to all those nations whom they may hereafter attempt to invade. We are one of those nations; we are the people whom they are now preparing to invade; awful, indeed, is the warning, and, if we despise it, tremendous will be the judgment!

FORMIDABLE SITUATION *OF GREAT BRITAIN* AT THIS DAY.

IN the midst of the immense preparations that are hourly making to resist the attack of France, that circumstance which deserves most consideration, is the order and regularity with which they are conducted, and the devotion expressed by all men and all parties to the cause of their country. Every class of society seems unanimously to correspond in one idea. This idea is to fix their chief attention upon the necessity of suspending the prosecution of all avocations interfering with the great duty of national defence, and

and of sacrificing to that alone the pursuit of every other species of business, however lucrative, however tempting. It is not certainly a common effort of resolution, that has brought forward the prodigious numbers, that are now vying with each other who shall produce the noblest exertions, for the service and honour of the state. Since the celebrated transactions that took place at Rome, during the second Punic War, when, after the defeat of the Romans at the battle of Cannæ, where seventy thousand of their bravest men were slain, all orders of citizens determined to bury themselves under the ruins of Rome, rather than yield to the enemy. No precedents of national resolution have equalled those that are now displayed in every part of Great Britain. It was not surprising, that a people wholly devoted to arms, hardly conversant in any other occupation; a nation, in short, composed entirely of Soldiers, should come to a determination to perish sooner than submit to a conqueror. Such were the Romans: inured from their infancy to all the hardships of a military life, and bred up to suffer all manner of toil, and to encounter every description of danger, it would have been inconsistent with their character, to act otherwise than they did. But in a country like Great Britain, inhabited by a nation used fro n childhood to plenty and ease, and educated in the arts of peace, nothing can prove more demonstratively the native elevation of soul with which they are endowed, than the readiness they have exhibited, in renouncing at once all their habitual pursuits, and giving up every gratification, not only without reluctance, but with as much alacrity, as if the greatest emoluments that usually attract the cupidity of mankind were set before their eyes. The truth is, that the preservation of the British name from disgrace, and of the rank and dignity which their country has enjoyed during so many ages, is an allurement that has at all times attracted them more powerfully than any other. Every circumstance and transaction of social life, whether of a serious or a pleasurable nature, is accordingly at this critical season, converted to the furtherance of that purpose. The importance of it occupies all their attention, and has absorbed those various objects that previously employed a people, whose active turn of mind led them continually into every species of exertion, both of body and intellect. Instead of dedicating their time to that multiplicity of employments, arising from commercial speculations, and from a long and prosperous application to the arts of industry, they listen only to the call of national honour; laying cheerfully aside all other business, as secondary and adventitious; or rendering it conducive to the great and capital end they have now in view—the resistance and overthrow of the enemy. This now engrosses all their thoughts, and occupies all their ingenuity. The divers instances of useful discoveries and inventions daily produced by men of talents, in many parts of the land, fully countenance the persuasion of those who have carefully examined the genius of the natives of Britain; which is, that though they are super-eminent in adopting and improving whatever comes from abroad, they are also hardly at all less excellent in the production of original proofs of an inventive disposition. The daily papers swarm in a manner with advertisements, that shew the creative talents of many of our countrymen. We hear, from

almost every port, of new devices in the maritime department, far superior to those that are brought forward in foreign parts, where the desire of serving our enemies, or rather the fear of displeasing them, sets all heads and hands at work to that intent. France, with all the genius ascribed to her for novelty of contrivance, and all the helps she constantly receives from those whom she holds in subjection, has not yet been able to equal either the art or the solidity, of the multifarious contrivances, which the indefatigable industry of our people is incessantly framing for the the public service, by sea or by land.

ADDRESS

To the FARMERS, *and Brave Inhabitants of the* WEALD of SUSSEX.

"COUNTRYMEN,

"IN the invasion with which England is threatened, the enemy intend marching, in two columns, THROUGH OUR COUNTY, not from choice, for they certainly would wish to avoid our strong wooded positions of defence, but that they cannot otherwise move up to the capital, without taking a road too long to enable these columns to co-operate with those they propose to march there, through Suffolk and Essex—Many of you, I know, do not believe this invasion will take place, and many who do believe it, from the nature of their business, think they cannot spare the time necessary to enable them to join the volunteer corps, which are forming in their neighbourhood. To these two classes I particularly address myself, being convinced that these opinions will, shortly, by the appearance of the enemy, be removed; and that then every one will strive who shall most distress him, and who shall best do his duty to his country. To point out the ready modes of so doing, in your power, is my intention. Each, then, of you lose no time in buying a stock of powder, and lead sufficient to make balls or slugs for 20 or 30 discharges of your fowling-pieces: make these slugs immediately, and then lay them in a bag, with half a dozen flints, a turnscrew, and a pricker. Clean your gun, and see that the lock does its duty, and keep it so. Learn the range of the shot, try it at 100, 150, 200, and 250 yards, and endeavour to fix these distances in your eye.—Appoint some particular waggon and driver to carry away your family, and make him acquainted with the road by which he is to move, avoiding the turnpike as much as possible, as otherwise the march of the troops towards the enemy will either be impeded, or it may prevent the removal. Name persons to drive off your horses and cattle; horses being of most service to the enemy, must be moved first, oxen next, and sheep last. Should a party of the enemy be moving in such a direction as to make it doubtful you will be able to carry off your horses, fail not to kill them. Recollect that Government will pay amply for every thing destroyed; and that if you do your utmost to distress the enemy, you will be paid even for a broken plate.—The enemy will generally move by night, more particularly of a stormy one. If you believe him within ten or twelve miles of you, and you have not left your house (of course your cattle have been moved on the first alarm), place a person to watch on the road betwixt you and him, at such a distance, as to give you notice, in time, of the approach of any of the parties. In this case set fire to your barn or stack yard, which will point out their situation to the King's troops, and be

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the means of their being cut off, and quickly take your station behind some wall or tree, from whence you may have a view of the door of your house; they will make to this of course, when you will take your aim, and give a shot; knowing the roads, there can be no doubt of your escape. If any of their parties approach by day, set fire, as before, as the smoke will direct our troops; but take your station near some shaw or coppice, from whence, without being seen, you may leisurely take aim; rest always the point of your gun; a gimblet screwed into a tree makes an excellent rest.

"Ten or twelve determined marksmen, knowing the country, will do more service than ten times their number of regular infantry; they will find a coppice a safe retreat from either infantry or cavalry; as it hides their numbers, no infantry will dare enter it to drive them out, and cavalry cannot.—Observe where the enemy takes up his quarters, approach at night as near as possible, and fire at the centinel; this will make the whole party stand to their arms, and by breaking their rest will distress them. A party formed for this laudable purpose, should, when they halt, post a centinel in a tree to discover the enemy. At night, should the centinel be doubtful of any one's approach, let him put his ear to the ground. Every person going towards the enemy, or being where he has no obvious business, should be arrested, and sent to head-quarters.

"Persons who may be, from various causes, unable to take the field against the foe, may yet do much service; such as watching, and giving information of the motions of the enemy; by felling a tree across the road, by which he perceives the enemy are conveying stores, or by carrying to or pointing out to our army, provisions.

"Let me repeat, lose no time in laying by a stock of ammunition, and practise at a mark every opportunity.

A SUSSEX YEOMAN."

QUEEN ELIZABETH's PRAYER

FOR

THE SUCCESS OF HER ARMS.

MOST Omnipotent Maker and Guider of all this world's mass! that alone searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended. Thou, that by thy foresight dost truly discern, how no malice of revenge, nor quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath bred the resolution of our new collected Army; but a heedful care and a wary watch, that no neglect of foes, nor over-surety of harm, might breed either danger to us, or glory to them. We crave, with bowed knees and hearts of humility, thy large hand of helping power to assist our just cause; not founded on pride's motion, nor begun on malice stock, but (as thou best knowest to whom nought is hid) grounded on just defence from wrongs, from hate, and bloody desires of conquest.

These being the grounds, O God! (of our present warfare) since thou hast imparted means to defend that which thou hast given, we humbly beseech thee, with bended knees, to prosper the work, speed the journey, give the victory, and make the return—the advancement of thy glory, the triumph of thy fame, and surety of the realm, with the least loss of English blood, to such as despise their lives for their

their country's good, in a good cause; that all foreign lands may laud and admire the omnipotency of the work for thee only to perform. So shall thy name be spread, for wonders wrought, and the faithful encouraged to repose in thy unfellowed grace; and we be enchained in thy bond for perpetual slavery, and live and die the sacrificers of our souls, for such obtained favour. To these devout petitions, Lord, give thy blessed grant.—Amen.

ADDRESS

To the inhabitants of Manchester and Salford, proposed by GEORGE PHILIPS, Esq. *at the meeting of the First Battalion of Manchester and Salford Volunteers, August 13th,* 1803.

FELLOW TOWNSMEN,

AT a time when a powerful and merciless enemy, inflamed with a deadly hatred of this country, threatens us with an invasion on a more extended scale than was ever attempted in the history of the world, it is incumbent on every man who prizes the free Constitution bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and who would provide at the same time for its preservation, and for the security of himself and his family, to take advantage of such opportunities as his peculiar circumstances afford him of learning the use of arms, and of preparing to render to the state all the assistance in his power, in case of emergency. It is no common danger that assails us; nor will common means of resistance enable us to surmount it. We must not now trust for safety to our navy alone, matchless as it is in power, and skill, and valour; we must not now rest alone on our regular troops, though they have so lately won immortal glory for themselves and their country in Syria, and in Egypt; but we must place our dependence on ourselves, on our own strength, and on our own courage. We must become an armed nation, if we would not be an enslaved one; if we would not crouch to a bloody tyrant, whom submission cannot appease, who spares neither sex nor age; who murders, *as Jaffa can tell,* with unrelenting fury, the defenceless and unoffending; and who has even poisoned without remorse, his fellow soldiers, when disabled by wounds received under his own command.—Such, fellow townsmen, is the man who threatens to desolate our happy isle with his savage hordes; who would let them loose, to plunder us of our property, to masacre, in our presence, our helpless children and aged parents, and to violate, as they have done in other countries, wives before their husbands, daughters before their fathers, and sisters before their brothers. Where is the Briton who would not be ready to repel the ruffian swarms, and to inflict on them a terrible and memorable revenge! Where is the man among us who would not prefer certain death to the loss of our native freedom, to a base and precarious existence, at the will of a foreign Usurper?

A large body of the inhabitants of these towns has now an opportunity of being taught the use of arms, in this battalion, as well as in other volunteer corps which are already assembling. To Arms, then, fellow Townsmen! let us have recourse to whatever manner is most consistent with our respective situations, and will tend most effectually to our common advantage and security. In this sacred warfare, all ought to take a part, whose circumstances do not make it impossible for them

them to become soldiers. In arms alone, under Providence, is our security; and he who is unacquainted with the use of them, must expect, in the event of an invasion, to feel as helpless as the women and children whom it is his duty to protect.

A Summary view of the Life and Actions of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, *alias* BONAPARTE *(at present) FIRST CONSUL of FRANCE, President of the Italian Republic, &c.*

"If the charges are not founded, the man yet lives to exonerate his injured character. If he cannot refute them, then must he sink into his grave loaded with the heavy weight of such offences, and the miserable prescience that execration shall attach to his memory, instead of the fame he coveted; that, on his cenotaph, posterity will inscribe, *Ille venena Colcha et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas tractavit.*"

Birth.—A. D. 1769.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born on the 15th of August, 1769, in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica. His father was a lawyer. His grandfather, Joseph Buona, was originally a butcher. His great grandfather, Charles Buona, kept a sort of tavern.—Charles Buona was convicted of robbery and murder, and condemned to the gallies, where he died, in 1724. His wife La Birba, Joseph's mother, died in the House of Correction at Geneva.

It was the fate of Joseph, in some degree, to raise his family. During the civil wars of Corsica, he attached himself to Count Nieuhoff, better known by the name of King Theodore. On the 3d of May, 1736, when Porto-Veccio was attacked, he brought his followers to the assistance of the King, who in return created him a noble, and added to his name the termination PARTE.

After the conquest of the island by the French, Joseph's son, bred as has been intimated to the law, appears to have been a parasite of Count Marbœuf, the Governor. He is accused of having acted as a spy upon the Corsicans, and his wife is represented as a mistress of the Count, who, from whatever motive, was the patron of the family. The two eldest boys, Napoleon and Joseph, he sent to the Vicar-General of Autun, to be placed in the free school there, whence Napoleon was removed to the Royal Military school at Brienne.

Entrance into the Army.

After having been received into the Royal Military School at Paris, he obtained, at an early age, a commission in the artillery service.

Revolutionary Exploits. A. D. 1793. *Age*, 24.

In 1793, in consequence of the situation of the King, many officers were prompted by their loyalty to resign their commissions. Bonaparte, who was without any such obstacle to advancement, became a captain in Lafere's regiment.

Treachery at Corsica.—A. D. 1793.

Being appointed to the command of the Battalion of Ajaccio, he offered to betray that place to Lord Hood, by whose squadron it was then blockaded. The offer was rejected, as coming from too low a quarter; but it having reached the ears of the French commander in chief, Bonaparte was cashiered, and sent to France, where he remained in obscurity and poverty till the evacuation of Toulon.

The Massacre of Toulon—A. D. 1793.

After the English had withdrawn, Bonaparte, in concert with Barras and Freron, collected fifteen hundred of the Toulonese, accused of having favoured the

the designs of the Royalists; marched them, men, women, and children, of all ranks, into the public square; and fired upon them, with grape shot. After the first discharge had taken place, and when those who were not killed had fallen through fear, Bonaparte called to them, saying, that the living might rise, for that the national vengeance was satisfied. The miserable remnant of these pitiable victims, the aged, the wounded, raving mothers, and mangled children, accordingly arose, to profit by the mercy offered them; but no sooner had they, by quitting the earth, made themselves marks for the guns, than he ordered a second discharge, and thus completed their destruction.* The following is a translation of Bonaparte's official letter on this occasion:

Toulon, Dec. 1793.

Citizens Representatives,—Upon the field of glory, my feet inundated with the blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a heart beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France revenged. Neither sex nor age have been spared, those who escaped, or were only mutilated by the discharges of our Republican cannon, were dispatched by the swords of liberty and the bayonets of equality.

Health and admiration,

BRUTUS BONAPARTE,

Citizen Sans-Culotte.

Arrest of Bonaparte.

This act of hellish barbarity rendered Bonaparte a favorite with Robespierre; but that destroyer being at length, himself destroyed, Bonaparte, with those with whom he acted, became exposed to public vengeance. Joining a party in arms against the existing government he marched to attack Marseilles, but, being beaten at Cujes, he fled to Nice, where he was apprehended, and committed to prison, by the Lieutenant-Colonel, who commanded the *gendarmerie* there, by the order of Beffroi, the Deputy of the Convention, sent to arrest the leaders of the Terrorists: he was afterwards sent to Paris, where receiving the benefit of an amnesty, or act of grace, he was set at large.

The Massacre of Paris.—A. D. 1794 *Age* 25.

Bonaparte remained for some time concealed in Paris, living with Baptiste, an actor at the *Théâtre de la République*. At length, the spirit of Robespierre reviving in Barras and his associates, it was determined on forcing the people of Paris to submit to those who called themselves their representatives. Barras had seen the abilities of Bonaparte at Toulon; and he therefore singled him out for the exploit of dragooning the Parisians. On the fourth of October, 1794 (a day commonly known in France by the name of the *13th Vendemiaire*), Bonaparte swept the streets near the Pont-Neuf, with his artillery, covered the steps of the church of St. Roch with heaps of slaughtered bodies, and massacred in the whole about eight thousand persons.

Plunder and Ravage of Italy.

So satisfied was Barras with the horrible success of the *13th Vendemiaire*, that he gave Bonaparte, in reward, his cast-off mistress for a wife, and appointed him to the command of the troops in Italy. At their head the new General carried universal devastation, not only through the Austrian dominions but through neutral states, as

* This dreadful transaction has furnished Mr. R. K. Porter with a subject for one of the four interesting and truly seasonable prints, which have been published by Hatchard, &c. representing the crimes of Bonaparte, and which, for patriotic purposes, are sold at a price so much beneath their value.

Genoa,

Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Parma, Modena, and the territories of the Pope. In this Italian campaign, cruelty, rapacity and deceit, form the prominent features. To the Pope Bonaparte addressed the following letter:

"Most Holy Father,

"I must first thank your Holiness for the letter which you have done me the honour to write to me. I congratulate myself upon being able to contribute to your particular repose. I conjure your Holiness to distrust those persons who seek to persuade you that France is your enemy: they are only guided by those malicious passions which always bring on the ruin of states. All Europe knows that the pacific and conciliating disposition of the French Republic is only equalled by the similar quality in yourself. The French Republic will always be one of the most sincere of the friends of the Roman See. Your Holiness may assure yourself of the esteem and perfect veneration which I bear towards your person; and I beseech you to believe my desire, upon every occasion, to give proofs of the reverence and respect with which I have the honour to be

"The most devoted of your servants,

"BONAPARTE."

But we must hasten over all this. We must hardly mention the plunder of Lombardy, Mantua, the Imperial Fiefs, Malta, and Carrara, Parma and Placentia, Bologna, Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Modena, and Ferrara, Leghorn, Milan, and Lodi; the massacres of Benasco, Lugo, and Pavia; the breach of faith with the Dukes of Parma and Tuscany. But what became of the plunder? Bonaparte and the other Generals disagreed upon their several shares in the plunder. A French Commissary was sent by the Directory to reconcile the parties. Bonaparte and Berthier were compelled to write two letters, in which they disavowed all the motives of division which were said to exist between them. It was only the positive commands of the Directors, and the rapidity of the military events which followed, that kept within bounds the passionate hatred with which the imperious character of Bonaparte, and the cold indifference with which he lavished the blood of his men, had animated the more virtuous chiefs of the armies of the Republic. At Venice, according to authentic documents, now in the hands of the late British Ambassador, Bonaparte privately stole a diamond necklace of immense value, which is now worn by Madame Bonaparte.

At Pavia, the Magistrates having interfered, to save the people from the bayonet, they were bound together and shot. "I had them shot," says Bonaparte, with brevity, in his official letter. He burnt the town of Benasco, and massacred eight hundred of its inhabitants.

The Duke of Parma saw that he had not a moment to lose in securing them from the revolutionary principles and rapacity of the French General. He solicited a suspension of arms: Bonaparte received his Envoy, a nobleman of the first rank, with insult. Spain interfered, and it was found prudent to grant him his request. Bonaparte, however, was resolved that he sould pay a suitable price: he accordingly made a demand of two millions of livres, one thousand seven hundred horses, two thousand oxen, an immense quantity of provisions, and twenty paintings to be chosen by the French. The Duke was compelled to submit.

By dint of these unrelenting crimes, by the assertion of falshoods, and the commission

commission of murders, by destroying the bold, and terrifying the fearful, he rendered his campaign victorious.

Other Causes of his Success.

There were other causes which contributed to his success; one of these was, the different situations of BONAPARTE and the ARCHDUKE:—the former being wholly independent, and left to his own discretion; the latter being under restraint, even in his simplest motion. The Council of War at Vienna had the imprudence not only to form the general plan of the campaign, but also to assume to itself the charge of directing the execution and local application of it. The Austrian Generals, bound by positive instructions, not daring to undertake any thing contrary to them, and being less responsible for events than for their obedience to the orders which they had received, were often induced to sacrifice opportunities of probable success, and to consider less how to deserve applause, than how to escape censure. The first dispositions of the Austrians being made with care, and the General executing them with scrupulous fidelity, they were almost always crowned with success; but when the chance of war produced any unforeseen events which reduced the Austrian Generals to the impossibility of executing the plan which had been dictated to them, then, being compelled to rely on their own discretion, not being in the habit of taking it for their guide, and fearing to commit themselves, they neither dared, or were capable of acting independently, and did not hazard any of those decisive strokes which in certain circumstances, can alone give victory.

Bonaparte was much more advantageously situated: the necessity in which the Directory found itself of paying and maintaining the armies of the Republic at the expence of the countries which they occupied, did not admit of its limiting the power of its generals; and as those had every thing to do, it was necessary that they should have the power to do every thing. To this alone is to be imputed the greater part of the success of Bonaparte.

Falsehood.

There remains yet another trait in the character of Bonaparte, as deducible from his Italian campaigns, which it would be unpardonable altogether to omit: this is, the palpable falsehood in all his military returns. In fact, if we took the trouble to cast up the number of Austrians whom Bonaparte has successively declared to be killed, wounded, and made prisoners, from the opening of the campaign to its conclusion in the capture of Mantua, we shall find that the killed and wounded amount to near fifty thousand men, and the prisoners to more than an hundred thousand. In order to enable the reader to judge of the degree of credit due to this enumeration, we here present him with an official account of the number of Austrian troops sent into Italy from the month of March 1796, to the month of January 1797.

The army of M. Beaulieu at the opening of the campaign - -	30,000
Troops which came from the Upper Rhine with M. Wurmser	30,000
Reinforcements sent to M. D'Alvinzy during the months of September, October, and Nov.	25,000
Troops detached from the corps of Freelich and the armed Tyrolese - - - - - - - -	11,000
New reinforcements to D'Alvinzy in December - - - - - -	9,000
Total	105,000

From

From this statement, according to the accounts sent by General Bonaparte, he must have taken, killed, or wounded forty-five thousand men more than the Austrians employed in Italy during this campaign; not to mention, that, after the capture of M. De Provera, and the defeat of M. D'Alvinzy, at Rivoli, there still remained to the latter about thirty thousand men, either in the Tyrol, or on the Brenta.

Waste of Blood.

It may in some degree explain the value of the victories of Bonaparte, to compare the statement just given with that of the forces sent also by the French into Italy, and with that of the loss which they sustained.

The army of Bonaparte before the opening of the campaign - -	30,000
Troops drawn from the two armies which had made war in Spain, and which were sent into Italy in March, April, and May - -	35,000
Army of Kellerman, which, after the peace with the King of Sardinia, was incorporated with that of Bonaparte - - - -	25,000
Reinforcements which arrived from the Interior - - - - -	18,000
Troops raised in Italy - - - - -	12,000
Total	120,000

Now Bonaparte found himself, at the end of January, at the head of about sixty thousand men. He had therefore lost at that period an equal number—that is to say, only fifteen thousand less than the Austrians. Such were the admired victories of this conqueror! Such was the indifference with which he lavished the blood of his soldiers.

The Invasion of Egypt.—A. D. 1798. Age 29

Having concluded with the Ministers of the Emperor the treaty of Campo-Formio, he returned to Paris. Now it was that he planned the invasion of Egypt, an act by which he set at defiance every principle of right and wrong; and to accomplish which, he loaded himself with the guilt of all that is mean as well as all that is detestable, nay frightful, in wickedness.

Egypt is part of the Turkish empire, and with that empire France was in alliance. If therefore we are to allow, that because France wished to possess Egypt, she had a right to seize it, we must distinctly and barefacedly acknowledge that we hold in contempt every principle of fidelity, sincerity, and honesty.

Bonaparte, however, did seize on Egypt, and the sickening variety of falshoods which he invented for every occasion, show the abyss of infamy into which, in so doing, he plunged. He told the soldiers that his aim was the ruin of England; he told the Turks that it was the ruin of the Mamelukes; he told the Egyptians that it was the ruin of the Turks. On landing at Alexandria, he declared that God and Mahomet had sent him to destroy the Mamelukes and restore Egypt to the Turks; on reaching Cairo, he declared that the Turks should no longer possess Egypt. In France, the Directory were instructed to tell the Turkish Ambassador that they knew nothing of his having gone to Egypt; in Egypt, he said, that the Emperor of the Turks had given him leave to come there. Menou afterwards said, that France had taken possession of Egypt, only in consequence of having obtained information of the design of other powers to do so.

Bonaparte reached the coast of Egypt on the 13th July, 1798, with an army of twenty-five thousand men.

On the 14th, he stormed the city of Alexandria, which he gave up to massacre for four hours, and which (according to the statement of his Adjutant-General, Boyer), if it had been summoned, would have surrendered. The old people, the women, and children, flew to the mosques, where they were all massacred, even to the infants at their mother's breasts. The massacre of Alexander was followed by that of Edko, a little village without a wall, and whose scanty inhabitants were wholly at the mercy of Bonaparte. He next marched with almost his whole army towards Cairo, at a short distance, in front of which city, three or four thousand Mamelukes were, on the 22d of July, foolish enough to risk a pitched battle. They were routed of course, and, though far from conquered, compelled to leave Bonaparte in possession of Cairo.

Massacre in Egypt.—A. D. 1799, *Aged* 30.

After a general massacre of the inhabitants of Cairo, on the 24th of October, 1798, Bonaparte commenced an expedition into Syria. Ahmed-el-Djezzar, the Pashah of Acre, had been appointed to the additional Pashahlic of Syria, and was advancing against the French in Egypt, while, when the season served, they were to be attacked by the English, Russians, and Turks, by sea. Bonaparte could not, therefore, make a more skilful movement than that of the Syrian expedition. It was certainly better to contend with Djezzar before he was thoroughly prepared, and before any diversion could be effected by the allies, than to wait for the combined attack; and, in the event of a successful issue to that contest, he could at least promise himself to detach Djezzar from the alliance, while, if he should totally defeat him, he might purchase Egypt in exchange for the two Pashahlics, or threaten Constantinople itself, and force the Porte to relinquish its claims, and to abandon its new alliance with England and Russia. In the more moderate of these calculations, Bonaparte was entirely successful. The troops of the Pashah were driven back to the walls of Acre, and when the allies made their descent at Aboukir, Bonaparte, relieved from all danger on the side of Syria, was able to defeat them.

Siege of Acre.

In Syria, however, though thus far victorious, he received a check the most severe he has known, from the undaunted and glorious resistance of Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre; and his conduct was marked by atrocities which must never be forgotten.

Massacre of Jaffa.

Leaving Cairo on the 22d of December, he took possession of Suez on the 6th of January. On the 21st he made himself master of El-Arish. On the 1st of March, 1799, the head-quarters of the army moved towards Jaffa. On the 7th, that town was taken by assault. This affair is on all hands allowed to have been bloody in the extreme; but a tale has been brought to light, and attested by persons of undoubted credit, so bloody, so diabolical, as to outstrip every thing which such an expression is calculated to describe. It is asserted that three days after the capture of the town, three thousand eight hundred prisoners were marched to a rising ground, and there massacred by means of musquetry, grape-shot, and the bayonet. This fact was first made known in Europe by Sir Sydney Smith, and Mr. Morier, Secretary to Lord Elgin, now a prisoner in Paris: its history

history has been minutely given by Colonel Sir Robert Wilson, of Hompesch's hussars, and its truth has been attested by Dr. Wittman, who accompanied the army of the Grand Vizir.

We have seen, also, that it is asserted by Bonaparte himself, or by his authority, in more places than one.

Poisoning the Soldiers.

Compelled, after the most vigorous attempts during sixty days, to abandon the hope of reducing Acre, Bonaparte effected his retreat, sending word, at the same time, to Cairo, that he had destroyed the walls and castle of the place, and left not one stone upon another, in so much that strangers, as they passed, enquired *if ever a city stood there!* In his return to Egypt, the crimes of Bonaparte crowd themselves fast into our history. They were committed at every step. We have related such particulars of many, as, from so remote a country, and under the peculiar circumstances, we have been able to procure; but that which stands pre-eminent is the poisoning his own wounded soldiers.

This fact is authenticated by the testimony of Mr. Morier, Sir Robert Wilson, and Dr. Wittman.

The Devastation of Syria.

Of Bonaparte's retreat through Syria, we are in possession of but few particulars. His friend Berthier's account, however, sufficiently describes it as one of the most frightful scenes that ever ferocious power created. "On the 4th Prairial, at the post of Abuhabura, some wretched Naplusians, whose object was to pick up the picquets left by the army on its march, were taken and shot."—"On the 5th, parties were sent into the villages; the houses were reduced to ashes, the sheep carried off, the corn burnt."—"On the same day the army reached Jaffa, where it remained till the 8th. The time was employed in destroying the villages."—"On the 9th it marched. General Regnier's column, and that of the centre, were ordered to burn the villages and all the harvests."—"The army marched in this order; the plain was one conflagration."—"On the 13th it entered the desert, followed by a considerable number of cattle, taken from the enemy. The desert, between El-Arish and Kan-Junes, is eleven leagues in extent. It is inhabited by Arabs against whom Bonaparte had subjects of complaint. We desolated their fields, we carried off their sheep and their camels, and burnt the scanty harvests which are obtained in some parts of the Desert."—*Expedition d' Egypte*, p. 114, 115, 116.

Escape from Egypt.—A.D. 1799.

After his return to Cairo, and the defeat of the Turks at Aboukir, Bonaparte prepared to crown his campaign in Egypt, by flying from the dangers which surrounded the army he had led there.

To effect his escape, it was necessary that not an individual of the army should become acquainted with his intention; but as he could not move without being observed, and as it was unavoidable to give some explanation, if only to elude suspicion, he was reduced to the necessity of inventing the several falsehoods best adapted to the persons on whom they were to be imposed. At Cairo, he wrote to the Divan, and no doubt published to the army, that he was setting out for Menouf, whence he proposed making different excursions in Lower Egypt; and under this pretence he arrived at Alexandria, where he ordered Admiral Ganteume to prepare two frigates, who knew nothing of their destination. To the few persons whom Bonaparte designed

signed to make the companions of his desertion, he sent sealed notes, with orders not to be opened till the 23d of August, at a certain hour of the night, and on the sea shore.

Arrival in France.

On the 23d, accordingly, these persons assembled; and at midnight a message from Bonaparte informed them that he waited for them in the road. They left their baggage at their quarters, and their horses on the beach; and, within an hour, cleared the port. At day-break, a north wind put them in their course; and, in two days, to their excessive joy, they got out of the latitude of the British cruizers. Throughout their passage, their whole care was to steer such courses as might most effectually conceal them from the British. After being some days weather-bound at Ajaccio, the wind became favourable, and they put to sea. On the second day, with a fair breeze, and within sight of the coast of France, they were congratulating each other on their good fortune, when, to windward, they discovered seven sail. They lowered their top-sails, and still trusted to concealment. They heard the signals of the British fleet, which formed a semi-circle on the coast. It was debated whether they should return to Corsica, which was still in sight; but Bonaparte decided that they should proceed. At day-break, they saw Frejus, on the coast of Provence, where Bonaparte immediately landed.

Assassination of Kleber.

Before he quitted Egypt, he had a secret conference with General Menou, in which he informed him Kleber, to whom he could not avoid leaving the command of the army, was inclined to evacuate the country, in the event of an honourable capitulation being to be obtained; and he ordered him, if Kleber should capitulate, to rid himself of him, and to take the command himself. Kleber did capitulate; and Menou executed his orders. The Janissary, who assassinated Kleber, did not know his employer; but it was Menou, under the orders of Bonaparte, who enabled him to enter the house of the General.

Usurpation of the Government.
A. D. 1799.

There can be little reason to doubt that Bonaparte had long aimed at the Sovereignty of France. When he went to Egypt, he designed only to make the conquest, and then leave it to be maintained by others. The scheme of the usurpation had been deliberated upon. Perhaps the time for its execution had been thought not yet come. Perhaps Bonaparte considered the lustre of so extraordinary an enterprize as useful, if not necessary, to the desired degree of his popularity. These and other conjectures appear rational; but what chiefly assisted him, were events over which, it must be supposed, he could have no direction, and which yet went the course his most selfish wishes could have sought. These were the reverses of the French arms during his absence. But, be all this as it may, immediately on landing at Frejus, he proceeded to Paris, and there concerted with a party of the Council of Ancients, and two of the Directors (Séyès and Ducos), the usurpation of the Government.

Being commissioned provisionally First Consul of France, he confirmed himself in that situation for ten years, and has since procured it to be granted to him for life, with the privilege of chusing his successor.

After the assumption of the Consulate, he obtained a decisive victory over

over the Austrians, and succeeded in negociating a general Peace, the terms of which were settled by the

Treaty of Amiens.—A. D. 1801.—*Age* 32.

On the consummation of this event, Bonaparte, pretended habitually to place his chief glory in deserving the title of Pacificator; but Europe was soon destined to discover the deceitful sense in which he used the word. By Pacificator, it was found that he meant Master; by the Peace of Nations, it was found that he meant the SILENCE OF THE SUBDUED. Doubtlessly, there *will* be *Peace* where the injured are afraid to *resist* or *murmur*; and *this* is that *Peace* of which Tyrants always think, and of the breach of which they whiningly complain!

Had the English submitted to the dominion of Bonaparte, and would they never resist his will, they might have had Peace, and they might promise it themselves for the future. But to preserve their Constitution, their Laws, their Wealth, their Liberty, and their Independence, they wage with Bonaparte one of the most just wars that ever called forth the energies of a People. They are intimidated by no threats. They swear that while they live they will be free:

" O you that boast the honour'd name of Sire,
" Go, call your Sons; instruct them what a debt
" They owe their country!"

An ADDRESS *to the Tunbridge Wells Volunteers, delivered at their Parade, Aug.* 8, 1803. *By the Rev.* MARTIN BENSON.

" *Gentlemen Volunteers, and Men of Kent,*

" YOU must all of you, I am persuaded, deeply feel the importance of the occasion, which thus calls you together. Your feelings will however be gratifying, as they are honourable to your principles. When danger formerly threatened your country from domestic traitors, you took up arms in defence of your liberty and most excellent Constitution. Having saved your country (for, under Providence, it was by the Volunteers of Great Britain that our country was saved) as good and faithful subjects, you laid down your arms, and retired to your several private occupations. But a foreign enemy, who sickens at the view of happiness and prosperity in other countries, envies you what you have done: and even now threatens by dint of rash adventure and the numbers he can command, to destroy your country; and as one of the commanders, actually appointed for the expedition has avowed, 'if he cannot conquer and keep England as a province to France, he will at least, by sword, fire, and ravage, render it so miserable a country, that no Englishmen shall hereafter wish to inhabit it.' These threats, backed by immense preparations, call you again to arms. And I am happy to notice that so many others testify the laudable spirit of Englishmen by uniting with you in your patriotic engagement. This voluntary assumption of an arduous service is highly creditable to all the parties; and impresses you, I am sure, with feelings, which constitute no mean part of your reward: final success will, I trust, by favour of a good Providence, afford you the full sum of it.

" You have heard, Men of Kent, from your venerable and truly patriotic commander, the opinion which is entertained of your proffered services. If Old England is to be saved from the gripe of the direst monster with which the

the world was ever cursed, it is to be done only by the hearty, cordial, I will add, religious union of every hand and heart. Hands and hearts are here I trust, united. For have we not a common cause? On certain points some of us possibly may differ. In the main, howevever, we are most assuredly agreed. Our God we fear, we love, and adore; our king we honour, and will faithfully serve; our liberty we cherish, and with the last drop of our blood we will defend. The enemy says we shall do neither. Animated by the love of liberty and in the name of our God, we will boldly meet these Philistines; and prove to them that hearts thus actuated are not to be appalled, that the loyal will ever be brave. To this effect I pray, I most earnestly entreat you, be ye well and cordially united: let your only contention be, who shall best serve the common cause.

" But some possibly may doubt the existence of the danger;—the probability of an invasion. It is of importance that this point should be properly explained. Our preparations, our active spirit, our determined resolution may possibly induce the enemy to forego the threatened attack; which is the very best argument with us for unremitted perseverance.—Many reasons, however, might be assigned, in proof of the reality of the intention; but none, I think, more convincing than the following.

" Bonaparte, detested by his oppressed subjects, lives and maintains his usurped power only by the permission of his numerous army: and that army allow him to live, only as he has promised them the riches of England to satisfy their avarice, the blood of England to gratify their revenge, and the women of England to satiate their lust. If he does not keep his word, his life answers for it. So that either way he must make the attempt; to maintain his power and prop his fallen popularity by their success; or to save his own life by the destruction of his army at sea, or their being made to fatten our soil by the influence of your bayonet.

" He hates our nation, because we have hitherto beaten him: for whenever he has met with British soldiers, there he has failed: and he is now attempting by numbers, what he has never been able to do by valour. It is only by union and vigorous exertions that we shall thwart him. His soldiers have lately had a whet to their appetites in Hanover; where, because it was the dominion of our beloved sovereign, they have rioted over defenceless women, and men, who had too tamely yielded to their affected moderation; and they are preparing for a better meal here. Let us prepare for them the only meal they deserve: British steel the substance —British spirit the well-flavoured sauce.

" Bonaparte and his slaves have in other parts of the world had some little specimen of English valour: but they have never yet coped with Britons on British ground: he has never yet opposed his forces to Men of Kent—Men of Kent, who never yet were vanquished. When William, improperly termed the Conqueror, availed himself of the distractions of this country, to establish his dominion here, history tells us that the men of Kent never yielded to his arms. Our old Kentish laws, our Gavelkind, which we still retain, is the evidence that we never were conquered, —is the earnest that we never will submit to a foreign yoke. Recollect, Men of Kent, you are the descendants of those loyal and brave fellows; recollect, that as we now talk of them, and bless their memory, so will your sons and daughters hereafter talk of you. And you may be called upon for the first brush;

brush; for your coast is threatened. You will acquit yourselves as men, as Men of Kent should do. I would congratulate you on your fate, even if others were to fight over a rampart of your mangled bodies: for better were it to die, as Men of Kent, 'loyal, brave, and free,' than to live for a single moment the dastard slaves of degenerate and atheist France. But, if true to each other, a better fate awaits us. France may be deterred from her bloody purpose by our resolution:—if she perseveres, she will be vanquished by our courage in the cause of our God and our King.

"But, neighbours, let it not be said that I, the Minister of peace, am going out of my province to urge you to deeds of Blood; or that, in a spirit of selfishness, I prompt you to dangers which I am unwilling to share with you. No. These deeds of blood are not of our seeking. If the ruffian banditti of France invade our free soil, we have no choice: we must defend ourselves or perish. The brave seek not blood; but will shed the last drop of their own in the cause of their country. And, I pray you, consider me not in the light of one, who urging you to deeds of valour, mean myself, on the approach of danger, to retire into safety by favour of your arms. I have no such intention believe me. My professional engagements forbid me now to take upon me the character and occupations of a soldier: but my profession authorizes me to exhort you to be true to your King, your Country, and your God. When the land is once defiled by the touch of French footsteps that disability will cease. Then it may be my duty to join you: then it will be my glory to fall with you, if fall we must; or to share the honour, happiness, and well-earned security, which, I trust, is in reserve for us. And I urge it, as my concluding request to you,—to your commander,—however numerous your enrolment, (and I hope it will comprise all, who have the ability to march,) however numerous I say your enrolment, I urge it as my most earnest request, that you will reserve a single musket, and, that (if no employ is allotted me wherein I can be more useful to my country) you will allow me to bear it in your ranks."

EXTRACT OF A DISCOURSE

Delivered at the Meeting-House in the Old Jewry, On Wednesday Oct. 19, 1803—being the day appointed for a General Fast.—By ABRAHAM REES, D.D, F.R.S. *Editor of the New Cyclopædia.*

NEHEMIAH, iv. 14.

And I looked, and rose up, and said unto the Nobles, and to the Rulers, and to the rest of the People, Be not ye afraid of them: Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your Brethren, your Sons, and your Daughters, your Wives, and your Houses.

NEHEMIAH succeeded Ezra in the government of Judæa, in the 20th year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, King of Persia, or in the 445th year before Christ. As he had obtained favour and confidence from the Persian Sovereign, who in Scripture is called Ahasuerus, probably by the mediation of Esther, his commission as Governor included a clause, which empowered him to repair the walls and erect the gates of Jerusalem, and to restore it to the same state of strength and defence, in which it was before it had been dismantled and destroyed by the Babylonians, at the commencement of the Jewish captivity. Nehemiah had no sooner begun to execute this commission, than he was interrupted

terrupted and molested by the attacks of the neighbouring nations. It became necessary, therefore, to arm the workmen who were employed in this service, and to appoint a military guard for their defence in the prosecution of their labour. Whilst they were thus employed, the enemy, partly by repeated menaces, and partly by actual assault, retarded their operations, and used every artifice in their power for harrassing and dispiriting them, and for preventing the completion of the work in which they were engaged. It was on this occasion that Nehemiah, whose wisdom was no less distinguished than his piety, patriotism, and valour, and who had adopted every necessary precaution for their security, encouraged them to persevere in the language of the text.

The Jews had now been restored to the possession of those territories of which they had been deprived during their captivity. Their enemies were jealous of their growing power and prosperity. They wished to reduce them to a state of dependence and vassalage; and, therefore, they exerted themselves to the utmost in preventing that accession of security and of strength, which a fortified capital would afford them.

Judea was a country which belonged to the Jews by right of inheritance. they and their ancestors, had possessed it for many ages; and therefore, the neighbouring nations, which now threaten and attempt to molest them in the enjoyment of it, had no justifiable pretence for their conduct. The moving principles of their hostility were jealousy and envy; ambition and a desire of enlarging their dominions; and a solicitude to humble and subjugate a power which was likely to restrain their depredations, and which might, at some future period, prescribe to them, with an authority which they would not be able to resist, lessons of equity and moderation.

On such an occasion, and in such a cause, Nehemiah might well address the Israelites, toilsome and severe as was the service to which they were appointed; their nobles and rulers, and the rest of the people, for they were all parties on the occasion, and all ranks concurred in the service; "Be not ye afraid of them, remember the Lord, which is great and terrible; and fight for your children, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." This animating exhortation produced effect; the people persevered; the work was completed, and it terminated with a song of triumph, and a solemn act of devotion.

This fragment of Jewish history is capable of a very easy and obvious application to the present circumstances of our own country; and to the service for which we are now assembled. The words we have read, suggest a subject of declamation, which might not be impertinently addressed to all our brethren in arms at this important crisis. But the subject concerns us all; whatever be our situation, and whatever be the nature of the service which we are capable of rendering our country. We are all anxious expectants of a contest, which, in all views of it, is more interesting to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, than any which we have ever known, or which the page of history records in the modern annals of Europe.

Without adverting to the origin and primary causes of this war, which perhaps, all circumstances considered, was unavoidable; or discussing questions of a political nature, which happily lie remote from our province; we shall consider the contest as actually begun, and as likely to be decided on our own seas

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or shores. Accustomed to reason more than to declaim, we shall state some obvious arguments that seem to justify the application of the words of the text to our own case: "Be not ye afraid of them:" of the menacing invaders of your coasts: "Remember the Lord:" and fight, with a valour, which, under Providence, will ensure success, "for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives and your houses."

When an ambitious and insolent enemy threatens the invasion of our country, we are constrained by every principle of private affection and public patriotism, by every obligation that connects us with our wives, our children and our kindred, with our possessions and our country, to take up arms, and to combine in a war of "self-defence." Happy, indeed, would it be for mankind, if the pacific spirit of Christianity universally prevailed, and if the competitions of power and interest among different nations could be adjusted without perpetually recurring to the sword and drenching the earth in blood; and as long as this relic of barbarity has been permitted to subsist in the civilized and in the Christian world, it would have been happy if most of the wars, the records of which stain the page of history, had not originated in pride, ambition, and revenge; in selfish and sinister views, in political intrigue, and in petty quarrels, with which the people at large have little or no concern! In contests that have been undertaken or prosecuted with a view of infringing on the rights of independent nations, or of extending and aggrandizing one empire to the degradation and diminution of every other, we must have engaged, not only with hesitation and reluctance, but in direct opposition to the principles and obligations of universal justice:—of that justice, which ought to regulate the concerns of society as well as those of private persons. The iniquity of the cause, in which our concurrence was demanded, must have unnerved our resolution and paralized our valour.

But in the cause of self-defence, and against an enemy who threatens to introduce the calamities of war into our own country, we shall be justified to ourselves and to the world, before God and before man, in making every possible exertion. In such a cause there is no ground for hesitation and demur—against such an enemy we may advance with firmness and intrepidity—the fortitude, which justice inspires, will, under Providence, ensure our victory and triumph. Consider, on the other hand, the character and views of the enemy with whom we have to contend. If we allow him military talents, and admit that in the exercise of these talents his operations have been crowned with success;—we may ask, to what purposes have they been devoted? and what has been the result of all his warlike achievements? has he meliorated the condition of any nation to which his arms have extended? from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; from the Rhine to the Atlantic; through the whole western continent of Europe; what has he done in favour of the liberty and commerce, of the personal security and public prosperity, of the people over whom he has established an uncontrolable empire? having marched from one extremity of the continent to the other, as a menacer and a plunderer, followed by a host of vassals who subsisted on the booty of which they despoiled the vanquished; what substantial and permanent advantages have they derived from his conquests? whilst he has

has emancipated them from one yoke of bondage, which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, has he not imposed upon them another, more galling and grievous; has he not enslaved to his own will and power the countries, whose ancient and long-established governments he has overturned? where are the people, through the whole extent of his empire, partitioned as it is into a variety of subjugated departments, who dare to resist, without dread of exchanging their present deplorable condition for a worse, the mandates of his sovereign authority? In France, in Holland, in Hanover, along the banks of the Rhine, in Switzerland, and in various parts of Italy, is he not a military despot? the power which he established by the sword, does he not maintain by it? do not his myrmidons subsist by the bounty, I should rather say, by the forced contributions of those whom they have enslaved?

It is Britain, the land that has produced in long and honourable succession a race of naval and military heroes:—this is the country, which is the object of envy to the prime Consul of France, and which tempts his invasion.

To us, who enjoy its benefits, and who are proud of its honours, its importance and value must be much better known than to him. His mind, accustomed to entertain principles and to execute plans of despotism, can have no just conception of the value of British rights and privileges. He cannot duly appreciate them; but we, who have long possessed them, with little interruption and molestation, are fully apprized of their worth and excellence; and we shall be disposed to chastise the insolence that attempts to wrest them from us. Animated by a just sense of the value of our privileges, civil and religious, transmitted to us by a race of illustrious ancestors; defended and secured to us by the best blood of our country; and devolved upon us, by the lapse of ages, as a sacred and unalienable trust, for our own benefit, and that of our posterity; we shall feel a grateful, generous, and invincible emulation to preserve them undiminished, and to convey them with security and increase to future generations.

To the invading enemy we shall say, "This is hallowed ground which you are approaching, and which we cannot suffer to be polluted by the vassals of despotism. Our freedom and independence we have derived from progenitors, ever venerable in our remembrance, who sealed our Magna Charta with their blood; who established for their defence those bulwarks of Trial by Jury, the Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights, unknown in your country, which, notwithstanding all its boasted reform, is still, in many respects, the land of slaves;—their shades will hover over us in the day of battle, should such a day occur: and they will appear to you like so many indignant and enraged spectres. Under their banners, and with their example in lively recollection, we will maintain our patrimony inviolable, with a firmness and valour resembling theirs, and worthy of the objects for which we are contending. Our shores will recede from your approach. Our earth will tremble under your footsteps, should you dare to advance; and you will find a host of warriors, who know the value of the prize which tempts your access, and who are prepared to repel and chastise your aggression."

SPANISH

SPANISH ARMADA.

The following account of the Defeat of the Spanish Armada, is extracted from Hume's History of England.

"THE little intrigues and cabals of the court were silenced by the account, which came from all quarters, of the vast preparations made by the Spaniards for the invasion of England, and for the entire conquest of that kingdom. Philip had long harboured a secret and violent desire of revenge against Elizabeth. His ambition also, and the hopes of extending his empire, were much encouraged by the present prosperous state of his affairs. The point on which he rested his highest glory was to extirpate heresy; and as the power and credit of Elizabeth were the chief bulwark of the Protestants, he hoped, if he could subdue that Princess, to acquire the eternal renown of re-uniting the whole Christian world in the catholic communion. Above all, his indignation against his revolted subjects in the Netherlands, instigated him to attack the English. To subdue England seemed a necessary preparation to the re-establishment of his authority in the Netherlands. That kingdom lay nearer to Spain than the Low Countries, and was more exposed to invasion from that quarter; after an enemy had once obtained entrance, the difficulty seemed to be over, as it was neither fortified by art or nature; a long peace had deprived it of all military discipline and experience; and the Catholics would be ready, it was hoped, to join any invader who should free them from those persecutions under which they laboured. The fate of England must be decided in one battle at sea, and another at land; and what comparison between the English and Spaniards, either in point of naval force, or in the numbers, reputation, and veteran bravery of their armies? This favourable opportunity, therefore, must be seized, and one bold effort made for acquiring that ascendant in Europe to which the present greatness and prosperity of the Spaniards seemed so fully to entitle them.

"During some time Philip had been secretly making preparations; but as soon as the resolution was fully taken, every part of his vast empire resounded with the noise of armaments. In the ports of Sicily, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, artisans were employed in building vessels of uncommon size and force; naval stores were bought at a great expence; provisions amassed; armies levied and quartered in the maritime towns of Spain; and plans laid for fitting out such a fleet and embarkation as had never before had its equal in Europe. The military preparations in Flanders were no less formidable. An army of 34,000 men was assembled, and kept in readinesss to be transported to England. The Duke of Parma employed all the carpenters whom he could procure, and he built at Dunkirk and Nieuport, but especially at Antwerp, a great number of boats and flat-bottomed vessels for the transporting of his infantry and cavalry. No doubts were entertained but such vast preparations, conducted by officers of consummate skill, must finally be successful; and the Spaniards, ostentatious of their power, and elated with vain hopes, had already denominated their navy the *Invincible Armada*.

"News of these extraordinary preparations soon reached the court of London, and notwithstanding the se-

crecy of the Spanish council, and their pretending to employ this force in the Indies, it was easily concluded that they meant to make some effort against England. The Queen had foreseen the invasion; and finding that she must now contend for her crown with the whole force of Spain, she made preparations for resistance; nor was she dismayed with that power by which all Europe apprehended she must of necessity be overwhelmed. Her force, indeed, seemed very unequal to resist so potent an enemy. All the sailors in England amounted at that time to about 14,000 men. The size of the English shipping was, in general, so small, that except a few of the queen's ships of war, there was not four vessels which exceeded 400 tons. The royal navy consisted only of twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size; none of them exceeding the bulk of our largest frigates, and most of them deserved rather the name of pinnaces than of ships. The only advantage of the English fleet consisted in the superior courage and dexterity of the seamen. All the commercial towns in England were required to furnish ships for reinforcing this small navy; and they discovered, on the present occasion, great alacrity in defending their liberty and religion against those imminent perils with which they were menaced. The citizens of London, in order to shew their zeal, instead of fifteen vessels, which they were commanded to equip, voluntarily fitted out double that number. The gentry and nobility hired, armed, and manned forty-three ships at their own charge; and all the loans of money which the Queen demanded, were frankly granted by the persons applied to. Lord Howard of Effingham, a man of courage and capacity, was admiral, and took on him the command of the navy. Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, the most renowned seamen in Europe, served under him. The principal fleet was stationed at Plymouth; a smaller squadron, consisting of forty vessels, lay off Dunkirk, in order to intercept the Duke of Parma.

"The land forces of England were more numerous than the enemy, but much inferior in discipline, reputation, and experience. A body of 20,000 men was disposed in different bodies along the coast; and orders were given them, if they could not prevent the landing of the Spaniards, to retire backwards, to waste the country around, and to wait for reinforcements from the neighbouring counties before they approached the enemy. A body of 22,000 foot and 1000 horse was stationed at Tilbury, in order to defend the capital. The principal army consisted of 34,000 foot and 2,000 horse: these forces were reserved for guarding the Queen's person, and were appointed to march whithersoever the enemy should appear. The fate of England, if all the Spanish armies should be able to land, seemed to depend on the issue of a single battle, and men of reflection entertained the most dismal apprehensions when they considered the force of 50,000 veteran Spaniards, commanded by experienced officers under the Duke of Parma, the most consummate general of the age, and compared this formidable armament with the military power which England, not enervated by peace, but long unused to war, could muster up against it.

"The chief support of the kingdom seemed to consist in the vigour and prudence

prudence of the Queen's conduct, who, undismayed by the present dangers, issued all her orders with tranquility, animated her people to a steady resistance, and employed every resource which either her domestic situation or her foreign alliances could afford her. All the Protestants throughout Europe regarded this enterprize as the critical event which was to decide for ever the fate of their religion; and though unable to join their force to that of Elizabeth, they kept their eyes fixed on her conduct and fortune, and beheld with anxiety, mixed with admiration, the intrepid countenance with which she encountered that dreadful tempest which was every moment advancing towards her.

"The Queen took care, on the present occasion, to revive in the nation their attachment to Protestantism, and their abhorrence of Popery; and every artifice, as well as reason, was employed to animate the people to a vigorous defence of their religion, their laws, and their liberties. But while in this critical emergency, she roused the animosity of the nation against Popery, she treated the partisans of that sect with moderation, and gave not way to an undistinguishing fury against them. She rejected all violent counsels by which she was urged to seek pretences for dispatching the leaders of that party; and the Catholics, sensible of this good usage, generally expressed great zeal for the public service. Some gentlemen of that sect entered themselves as volunteers in the fleet or army. Some equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants. Others were active in animating their tenants and vassals and neighbours to the defence of their country: and every rank of men burying for the present all party distinctions, seemed to prepare themselves with order, as well as vigour, to resist the violence of these invaders.

"The more to excite the martial spirit of the nation, the Queen appeared on horseback in the camp at Tilbury, and riding through the lines discovered a cheerful and animated countenance, exhorted the soldiers to remember their duty to their country and their religion, and professed her intention, though a woman, to lead them herself into the field against the enemy, and rather to perish in battle than survive the ruin and slavery of her people*. By this spirited behaviour

* *The Queen's speech was in these words*:—"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms; to which, rather than any dishonour will grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know

haviour she revived the tenderness and admiration of the soldiery; an attachment to her person became a kind of enthusiasm among them; and they asked one another, Whether it were possible that Englishmen could abandon this glorious cause, could display less fortitude than appeared in the female sex, or could ever, by any dangers, be induced to relinquish the defence of their heroic princess?

"The Spanish armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the admiral, was seized with a fever of which he soon after died. The vice-admiral, the Duke of Paliano, *by a strange concurrence of accidents*, at the very same time suffered the same fate; and the king appointed for admiral the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman of great family, but unexeperienced in action and entirely unacquainted with sea affairs. *This misfortune* retarded the sailing of the armada, and gave the English more time for their preparations to oppose them. At last the Spanish fleet, full of hopes and alacrity, set sail for Lisbon; but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships, sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groine, where they waited till they could be refitted. The damages of the armada having been repaired, the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea in prosecution of their enterprize. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, of which near one hundred were galleons, and were of greater size than any ever before used in Europe. It carried on board 19,295 soldiers, 8,456 mariners, 2,088 galley slaves, and 2,630 great pieces of brass ordnance. It was victualled for six months, and was attended by twenty less ships called caravals, and ten gallies with six oars a-piece.

"The plan formed by the king of Spain was, that the armada should sail to the coast opposite to Dunkirk and Nieuport, and having joined themselves to the Duke of Parma, should thence make sail to the Thames, and having landed the whole Spanish army, thus complete at one blow the entire conquest of England. After the armada was under sail they took a fisherman, who informed them that the English admiral had been lately at sea, had heard of the tempest which scattered the armada, had retired back into Plymouth, and no longer expecting an invasion this season, had laid up his ships and discharged most of the seamen. From this false intelligence, the Duke of Medina conceived the great facility of attacking and destroying the English ships in harbour; and he was tempted, by the prospect of so decisive an advantage, to break his orders, and make sail directly for Plymouth; a resolution which proved the safety of England. The Lizard was the first land made by the armada about sunset; and as

I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general (the Earl of Leicester) shall be in my stead; than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject; not doubting by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

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the Spaniards took it for the Ramhead near Plymouth, they bore out to sea with an intention of returning next day and attacking the English navy. They were descried by Fleming, a Scottish pirate, who was roving in those seas, and who immediately set sail to inform the English admiral of their approach; another *fortunate* event which contributed extremely to the safety of the fleet. Effingham had just time to get out of port, when he saw the Spanish armada coming full sail towards him, disposed in the form of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles from the extremity of one division to that of the other.

"Effingham gave orders not to come to close fight with the Spaniards, but to cannonade them at a distance, and to wait the opportunity which winds, currents, or various accidents must afford him of intercepting some scattered vessels of the enemy. Nor was it long before the event answered expectation, and two vessels, which had fallen behind, were taken, after some resistance, by Sir Francis Drake. As the armada advanced up the channel, the English hung upon its rear, and still infested it with skirmishes. Each trial abated the confidence of the Spaniards, and added courage to the English; and the latter soon found that even in close fight the size of the Spanish ships was no advantage to them. The alarm having reached the coast of England, the nobility and gentry hastened out with their vessels from every harbour and reinforced the admiral, whose fleet now amounted to one hundred and forty sail.

"When the armada had reached Calais, and cast anchor before that place, the English admiral practised a successful stratagem upon the Spaniards. He took eight of his smaller ships, and filling them with all combustible materials, sent them one after another into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards fancied that they were fire-ships, and immediately cut their cables and took to flight with the greatest disorder and precipitation. The English fell upon them next morning while in confusion; and besides doing great damage to other ships, they took or destroyed about twelve of the enemy.

"By this time it became apparent that the intention of the Spaniards was entirely frustrated. The vessels, provided by the Duke of Parma, were made for transporting soldiers, not for fighting; and that general, when urged to leave the harbour, positively refused to expose his flourishing army to such apparent hazard; while the English, not only were able to keep the sea, but seemed even to triumph over their enemy. The Spanish admiral found in many rencounters, that while he lost a considerable part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw that, by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw inevitable destruction on the rest of his fleet. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards, but as the wind was contrary to his sailing through the channel, he resolved to sail northwards. The English fleet followed him during some time; and had not their ammunition fallen short, they had obliged the whole armada to surrender at discretion. But the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the armada after it had passed the Orkneys; the ships had already lost their anchors and were obliged to keep to sea: the mariners unaccustomed

tomed to such hardships, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their vessels to drive either on the Western Isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. Not a half of the navy returned to Spain; and the seamen as well as soldiers, who remained, were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that *they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English*, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them*."

I trust, Mr. Editor, that if the French should persist in the attack upon us, which is now projected, they will in like manner return, if any of them should return, only to *fill all France with accounts of the desperate valour of the English*.

Philip, when he heard of the mortifying event, is said, by Hume, "to have fallen on his knees, and rendering thanks for that gracious dispensation of Providence, to have expressed his joy that the calamity was not greater." I have but little hope that Bonaparte will in this particular, follow Philip's example. I trust, however, that *we* shall not forget to render the thanks which will be due to the Great Author of our deliverance; and I hope that there is a multitude in this land, who, at this time, are not ashamed to use the posture of Philip, in supplicating the Divine protection of their country.

B. R.

* Hume's History of England, Vol. V. p. 330—334.

THE SCOTISH BEACON,

OR ADVICE FROM AN OLD SCOTSMAN TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Friends and Countrymen,

IN the course of *three* months, the *fate* of this country will probably be decided.

In the mean time, we have to determine whether we will defend ourselves like Scotsmen, or become the slaves of French Despots.

I do not mean, my Friends, to exaggerate the danger. What I know of the designs of the enemy, is what you all know, or have heard of. Fortunately for us, he cannot keep his plans secret. He has been obliged to collect boats, to repair ships already shattered by the fire of British cannon, and build others. He cannot persuade his men by nods and whispers to embark for England. He must tell them, that at land we are cowards, and that we have riches, which we cannot defend. *All this they have done, and more.* They have covered sign-posts with accounts of the riches of Britain, and the wealth it contains; and hold all that out as easy prey for their greedy generals, and half-starved soldiers. We hear of this *every day*; and after it can any man doubt that they will invade this country?

And now, my friends, as the danger is certain, what are you and I to do when it comes? When I say this, I do not pretend to speak to those who are wiser or richer than myself. As for learning, when I say that I can make a

shift

shift to write, and that I can *read* the Word of God, I have said all; and for riches, except the prize-money I got at the death of my third son William, who was killed in the Mediterranean, God knows I have nothing but what the daily labour of these hands procures me. I do not set up to speak to the rich and the learned; but I speak to all who have a roof to cover them—who have wives or children—who eat the bread of honesty and industry—who have friends they love, or a God they believe in. For myself, it is but a few years I can have in this world; and *few, few* may they be, if I am to see Scotland plundered, burnt and destroyed, by a needy and ferocious enemy, who will spare nothing, from the hut of the cottar to the house of God—who for years have been accustomed to plunder, massacre, and blood.

I have often spoke of this to friends and neighbours, and I found them all of one mind. They said they would never see their houses burnt, and the bread taken out of their mouths by Frenchmen; and that while they could fire a gun, or lift a pike, they would fight against the greatest Apostate in the world.

Four or five days ago, I met with a man who I had not seen for a long time; and I asked him, what he meant to do against the invasion? He said, he did not think the French would try it; and if they did, they would not be able to get past the fleets: But if they came, for his part, he would remain *quietly* at home until all was over.

Now, my friends, I do not think there are many such feckless loons among us; and if there are, I am sure you and I will not be deceived by them. There can be no doubt that the great Slave-driver means to enslave and destroy us; and he does not care though thousands of his men are drowned at sea, or killed on shore. The sea cannot be barricaded with ships; and while some are taken, those who leave other ports, and go a different way, will escape. *But who are we, that are to trust our lives and our children to ships and sailors? Have we not hearts to fight, and arms* to defend *ourselves?* Have we not friends and brothers who are sailors, and are they the *only men* who can *fight* for their *Country?* They have already fought our battles; they give up every comfort, they expose themselves to every danger, in order to have an opportunity of fighting Frenchmen; and will they believe that we, upon Scotish land, will sneak and sculk from Frenchmen, who dare not so much as *look them* in the face? These sailors have left their wives and their children in our hands, and shall we not fight for them? My friends, don't let the French think that we are made of different *flesh* and *blood* from the soldiers and sailors who have beat them by sea and by land. If they come on our shore, let them find, that the 42d was only a sample of what they are to meet with, and that every parish contains men, who are as ready and determined to fight for their country.—And can we *be quiet,* when our houses are burning, and the fields laid waste? The Dutch *were quiet,* the Egyptians *were quiet,* the Hanoverians *were quiet:* But are not the Dutch, from the porter in the streets to the merchant in the counting-house, *starving?* Did the French not burn whole villages in Egypt, though the inhabitants were too cowardly to take up arms? And, only yesterday, we have heard of the horrid bloody, and inhuman outrages which they have committed on every rank of people in Hanover.

Only yesterday, I was told by one who knows more about the business than I do, that two of their Generals, Massena and Augereau, are appointed for the business; and Massena has publicly declared, That he *would not promise either* to *conquer* or *hold Britain*, but *that he would make it undesirable either for Englishmen or Scotsmen to inhabit.*

There can be little doubt, that if he were left to himself he would do it. If every man is to wait while his neighbour's house is burning, till they come to his own, they may make good their threats; but if we meet them like men, and Scotsmen, their ravages must soon cease. If we all fight like one man, their numbers must be inferior, and they will not be able to advance into the country. Here we shall have an opportunity to fight or die like Scotsmen. If we meet them, it shall be in the field: We shall not die starving, like cowardly Dutchmen; or be butchered, after surrendering our arms, like Hanoverians.

In this contest, we may all distinguish ourselves. Military talents are natural to some men; and those who at present guide the plough may rise to distinction. Sad as those times are, it is in times like these that brave men come forward. I remember to have heard from an old man, when I was a boy, that many of our noblest families have risen from men who fought against the invaders of Scotland. He told me, that many hundred years ago, when the Danes invaded Scotland, the King's army was rallied by a farmer and his three sons, who came with the hay forks they had in their hands, and led them on against the enemy. They received the name of Hay, and got lands from the King; and their descendants are now Earls and Marquisses.

In the common danger, we may all aspire, and those that are brave, and well acquainted with the country, may perform the most essential service. That they will be rewarded by their King and their country, we cannot doubt. No man can remain neuter. He who will do nothing, ought to be branded as a coward, or an enemy to his country. Away with him! Let him go and live in France! he does not deserve to live in Britain?—I believe there are not twenty men in Scotland who will do so; and all will come forth to CONQUER or to DIE.

I dare say, my friends, you have heard a good deal of Bonaparte. It is said, he murdered 4,000 Turks in Egypt; that he poisoned 500 of his own men in an hospital; and he afterwards ran away from that army. He has oppressed rich and poor in every country he has gone to. But, with all this, do'nt suppose that his French slaves are a bit better than himself.

Those who are slaves to him, would gladly be tyrants to us. And if we are not *ready* and *willing* to fight them, we are not worthy to have a *country* to *live* in, or *bread* to *eat*. What Frenchmen, after they have escaped drowning, will get the better of the valour and bravery of all England and Scotland in arms? For myself I am impatient to hear of the signal for assembling and exercising. Old as I am, I will not wait to be called upon, or look for exemptions; but I will come forward, the *hour* and *minute* I hear of it. My next door neighbour, who is a young, active volunteer, has taught me most of the manual exercise. My two eldest sons are in the Army:

Army: my fourth, and youngest, is settled at Greenock, and is a Volunteer there. And they shall all, and their old father too, fight for the *Good Cause*, and *live* or *die* for their Country and their King.

My friends, if we all unite, the contest will be short and easy. Every thing depends on what we do now. If we behave as men, it will be their only attempt. We shall *conquer* as our Fathers have done; and leave *Plenty*, *Peace*, and *Freedom*, to our children; not *Hunger*, *Desolation*, *Slavery*, and *Chains!*

Manchester Gazette.

THE GREEN-ROOM OPINION
OF THE
THREATENED INVASION.

SHOULD the modern *Tamerlane* revive the tragedy of *England Invaded*, and in the progress of his *Wild-goose Chace*, escape *the Tempest*, he will still find that, with us, it is *Humours of the Age* to be *Volunteers*. He will prove that we have many a *Plain Dealer* who will tear off *the Mask*, under which *the Hypocrite*, this *Fool of Fortune*, this *Choleric Man*, has abused a credulous world.—Should he to *a Wonder*, attempt *a Trip to Scarborough*, to set them *All alive at Portsmouth*, or to get *on both sides the gutter*, he will assuredly meet *a Chapter of Accidents* on his *Road to Ruin*; for *Britannia and the Gods are in Council*, to make him a *Castle Spectre:* he will, too late, discover *the Secret* of *Who's the Dupe*; and that it is *the Custom of the Country* of *John Bull*, to shew *the Devil to Pay* to any *Busy Body*, who seeks to enforce on us *Reformation*.

This *Double Dealer*, who has excited dismay *Abroad and at Home*, and gained *Notoriety* by the magnitude of the mischiefs he has atchieved, still presumes, by the *Wheel of Fortune*, like another *Pizarro*, to satiate his *Revenge*, and to learn *How to grow Rich*, by renewing the distressing scenes of *the Siege of Damascus*; until, amongst the desolated ruins of our City, he should establish himself like a *London Hermit*. That *he would if he could*, is past all doubt; but if he will take *a Word to the Wise*, from a *Man of the World*, he will believe *He's much to Blame*, and *All in the Wrong*; for *the Doctor and the Apothecary* are in *the Committee*; and by good *Management*, are forward in *the Rehearsal* of the lively comedy of *the Way to keep Him*, under *Lock and Key*.—They may not be able to produce for him *a Cure for the Heart-ach*, or for the *Vapourish Man*, but they will show him, at least *Cheap Living*; and prove that he has sown his *Wild Oats* in a *Comedy of Errors*.

The Poor Soldier, whose generous heart expands to render *Love for Love*, is like the gallant and gay Lothario, armed for either field, and prepared to give *Measure for Measure*; and to convert *the Agreeable Surprize*, which the Acre *Runaway* anticipates in *the Camp*, from *the Beaux Stratagem* into *a Tale of Mystery*. *Appearances are against Him*, as well *the Chances*; but he is a desperate *Gamester*; and, although his schemes of conquest will end in *Much ado about Nothing*, like a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*, yet he is *the Heir at Law* to our hate; and *Every one has his Fault*, if he does not unite to revive the splendid scenes of *Edward the Black Prince* and *Henry the Fifth*, when France trembled beneath our arms at Cressy and Agincourt; and give to this unprincipled *Bajazet* an exit corresponding with his crimes.

NO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE,

A MISTAKEN NOTION;

Or a brief and familiar Address to those among the Poorer Classes in this Country, who suppose it unimportant to their interests, whether the plans of the French miscarry or succeed.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!

SOME of you, I understand, are ready to believe that the French, should they get possession of this country, can do *you* no injury, and that no alteration in public affairs can make your situation the worse. Be assured that this is widely different from the truth.

The necessaries of life are so dear, you cry, that many of you can barely manage to provide for yourselves and families. How then are you to be hurt by a change of government?

We live at an extraordinary day, my friends, and the expence we are at, in keeping our inveterate and enterprising enemy within bounds, is very great. Whenever, by our activity and spirit, we shall be enabled to settle peace upon a secure footing, times will be better, nor shall we then regret that we have struggled with some difficulties to obtain so desirable an object. But believe not that any little hardships you now experience are at all to be compared with those which you would suffer, were Bonaparte's threatened attempt to prove successful. Do you flatter yourselves that you would then be permitted to go forth to your several labours in peace and quietness, to sit down to your meals undisturbed, and to rest in your beds with security, as you do at present? No—you would be turned out of your houses and lodgings to make room for the plundering army, the masters for whom you now work would be ruined men and cease to have any employ for you, and you and your families would most of you be wanderers in the streets, begging your bread from the people whom you expect to improve your condition.

Supposing the very best—even supposing that after the introduction into the country of so many additional hands for work, *all of them claiming a prefrrence to the English*, you should be fortunate enough to find employment and earn a scanty pittance of wages—do you consider what you would have to pay for the quartern loaf, after the burning of thousands of our stacks of corn, and what would be the price of meat, after the loss of the numberless head of cattle, which, upon the landing of the French, we should be obliged to destroy? And, however dreadful the scarcity, who (do you apprehend) would have the first, and a full supply—you, or the invaders?

This would be a temporary pressure only, you may say. It might probably be a pressure which would last you your lives. And, if you should survive it, you would live but to encounter heavier evils. How, let me ask you, would the proud conqueror expect the immense force to be fed, clothed, and supported, which he would constantly station here to keep the country in subjection? How, but by the contributions of the wretched inhabitants?—contributions which would be levied with the hardest and most barbarous oppression—from the necessity of uniting to afford which no plea of poverty would be admitted as an exemption, for he, who might have no money, would be told to earn the sum demanded of him by additional

additional and incessant labour, or to save it up by denying himself a portion of his daily food. Would not this *change* be somewhat *for the worse?*

Again—Are you properly acquainted with the *character* of the people who are anxious to come among us? Do you know that they are a giddy, thoughtless, volatile, frivolous race, completely the reverse of ourselves in sentiments, manners, and amusements? Even admitting (what is not to be expected) that they might be willing to live in friendship and upon equal terms with us, we could not possibly associate together, for a single week, to the satisfaction of both parties. To mention one ground of difference there would be among a hundred—we should not choose to give up the sports in which we are accustomed to engage in our leisure hours. But would Frenchmen be fit for any of our *manly* games? Could Frenchmen join us in *a match of cricket* for instance? Why, we might as well attempt to play with *so many monkies*; and the consequence of our telling them so (and we are apt to speak our minds) would be a quarrel between us. Should we not soon find *a change for the worse* then, were we to open our doors to a people with whom we could never agree, and who, the moment we should presume to differ from them, would exercise over us the authority of masters?

You are free and independent men: were the first lord of the land to offer you an injury, you could bring him to punishment. But would Englishmen be free any longer—should we have impartial courts of justice—should we have a trial by jury—should we have the advantage of laws which know not any distinction between high and low, rich and poor, were we to accept the upstart consul of France for our governor? Look to the wretched slaves over whom he lords it at present, and learn from *their* situation that the only law we should then have, would be his sovereign will—our only judge and jury, his good pleasure. And would not this *change* be *for the worse?*

You have satisfaction in thinking that you live in a country where Religion is professed in its greatest purity, and where the poor man, who is regular at his Church, and mindful of the duties enforced there, is sure of the notice and esteem of his superiors in life. But would the case be the same, were we to consent to be the subjects of Bonaparte? He has declared himself by turns, to answer his different purposes, a *Mahometan*, and a *Catholic*. Is it probable then that he has *any religion at all*, and could we expect, under the government of such a man, and among the people he would introduce, to be regarded or slighted, respected or ridiculed, for prizing our Bibles, and paying regard to the Sabbath-Day? And if all honourable distinction should cease in Old England between religious and conscientious men, and the profane and unprincipled, would not the *change* be *for the worse?*

What an honour and happiness to our land are our numerous benevolent institutions! How many thousands are daily relieved in sickness, assisted in poverty, trained up to industry and virtue, instructed in the most wholesome and comfortable truths, in early age, by means of our various hospitals, infirmaries, almshouses, asylums, and charity-schools! Were Bonaparte to rule over us, the benefit of

of these would be at an end*. He would have too many poor of his own to provide for, to pay any regard to ours, and besides would want the treasures of our public charities for other purposes. In this respect again, would not the *change* be *for the worse*, if the French were to gain the ascendancy?

You pay respect to our good old King with readiness and pleasure, for he looks like an honest Englishman, and was born to fill the situation he holds among us. But how would you feel, on being compelled to bend the knee to a little, sullen, swarthy, down-looking Corsican Adventurer, sprung from nobody knows whom, who mortally hates the natives of a free soil, and in preference to *us*, would show favour to any people under heaven? Would not this *change be for the worse*, brother-countrymen?

You love, with fond affection, your wives and children. To be surrounded by them, to receive their little endearing attentions, and to enjoy their chearful society, is your sweetest relief after a day of labour. Nothing is such a source of comfort to you as their happiness—nothing could give you greater pain than their distress. Then imagine you see (what you must prepare to behold if our foe should prevail against us, for it is no more than too many fathers have witnessed with bleeding hearts in the countries he has overrun) fancy that you see those objects of your most anxious concern—the wives of your bosoms, and your tender, innocent daughters—torn from your protecting arms by the brutal Republican soldiery, with circumstances of wanton insult too indelicate to be mentioned—too shocking even to think upon! Would not the *change* be *for the worse*, were such misery as this to come upon us?

You are no great scholars, perhaps, and would not much like the trouble of learning a *new language*. But have you considered that you must labour, day and night, to be able to splutter French, if Bonaparte should get the better of us, for then we should no longer be a nation of Englishmen! How would you form your lips to *Mounseer* every fellow you might meet? How grating to your ears would it be, to be called foreigners in your own country! How provoking, to be laughed at perpetually for being unable to speak any language well, but *plain English!* Would not this be *a change for the worse?*

Once more—you are used to English living, and think that with less nourishing food you could not go thro' the work to which you are now equal. But English ale and porter, and English bread and cheese would be out of fashion, nor would all your exertions procure a slice of English roast beef, if the enemy should be allowed to order what is good for us. You would be forced to live upon things which, instead of heartening and strengthening you, would reduce you to *skin and grief:* would *soup-maigre* or frogs think you, suit an English constitution†: Would *your* stomachs feel satisfied with the thin, sour, rot-gut liquor which contents a *Frenchman's?* Would not this *change* too be a little *for the worse?*

* Bonaparte indeed has a new way of relieving the sick and setting free the prisoner—by poison and the musket. See the particulars of his plan in Sir R. Wilson's Account of the Expedition to Egypt.

† See the Plate.

Give

Give no credit then—my friends and fellow-countrymen—attend not for a moment to those deluded or evil-minded persons who fain would persuade you that you would not be worse off than you are, were Bonaparte to give laws to us—and determine to *join heart and hand* to avoid making the experiment. *Let us stand by one another*, as we are bound to do by every law of honour and interest, and vain will be the tyrant's attempt to take from us the advantages we enjoy—advantages superior to those of any other people in the world—advantages of which it wounds him to the very soul to hear our boast.

Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

The enemy has no hope of success, but from our *internal divisions. These* his spies and agents are most artfully and busily labouring to excite, and their favourite plan is to suggest, most falsely and wickedly, that the poor of this country would be benefited by French interference.

Be upon your guard—Inhabitants of this favoured land! *Let nothing disunite you at a time like the present!* Judge for yourselves only, and listen not to every idle, ale-house prater, but to *common sense*, that sense for which Englishmen have always been distinguished. Who are they, poor or affluent, to whom Bonaparte has done good? Why then should *any of us* dream of advantage from him; might *we* not rather expect (were we unhappily under his controul) to find him the severest of oppressors? If he has robbed of every thing dear and valuable to them people to whom he has *proffered friendship*—how would he, in all probability behave to *us*, against whom he has *openly vowed vengeance?* What return should *we* receive, who have constantly painted him in his true colours, been most active in exposing his cruelties and perfidy, and alone have had the courage to bid him defiance? Let *common sense* reply! Ought we then to withold any sacrifice, grudge any expence, or spare any exertion, to keep the invader from our shores? Let *common sense* reply!

P. D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INVASION.

TUNE, "*The Storm.*"

CEASE rude boaster, base marauder!
Listen heroes all to me!
Britons tell the bold invader,
You for ever will be free.
From Jaffa's plains with murder cover'd,
When the poison'd bowl was pour'd,
When hellish lust and rapine hover'd,
See, he waves the threat'ning sword!

Hark,

Hark, your Monarch loudly calling!
" In this hour of danger stand,
Up your Union Jack be hawling,
Guns and bayonets hand boys hand!"
Hark, the thund'ring drum resounding,
Shrill-ton'd fifes the soul inspire!
Thrills each nerve, each bosom bounding,
Burning with a patriot fire.

Now all ye who prize the pleasures
Wealth and Peace, and Freedom bring,
Freely pour your well won treasures,
For your Country and your King:
Around our coast is spread the danger,
Proudly boasts the desp'rate crew,
Prompted by a varlet stranger,
Who never King nor Country knew.

Form the phalanx deep and longer,
Draw the line from coast to coast,
Tho' his threats are strong and stronger,
Scorn the gasconading boast:
Right and left see all in motion,
Old and young in arms appear;
Hearts of oak still guard the Ocean;
Freedom guides us—cheer lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful preparation
Darkens Gallia's blood-stain'd shore;
Carnage, death and desolation,
On our heads they mean to pour.
Heard you not the CONSUL'S thunder
Call the slaves of rapine out?
Blood-hounds, train'd to savage plunder,
Hark, what means the exulting shout?

" See the fog our Navy cover,*
Seize the moment—fortune's tide!
One short breeze shall waft us over,
Ere our motions are descried:
Landed—Egypts hero leads us,
Waves our flag on LONDON'S wall,
Fire behind—and fear precedes us,
Triumph FRANCE—and BRITAIN fall!"

* The French in this rhodomontade are made to calculate upon the fortuitous circumstances of a fog and a favourable wind as the only probable means that can enable them to elude the vigilance of our Navy and carry into effect their boasted descent upon our happy shores.

While

While they pour this dreaming bluster,
We for wives and children arm;
A nation round their King will muster,
Ev'ry breast with ardour warm.
Freedom, Wealth and Peace possessing,
Equal rights and equal laws,
Religion still a nation's blessing,
Who would faint in such a cause?

Kindred blood and filial duty
Call each Briton to the field;
The smile of love, the blush of beauty,
In each bosom boast a shield:
Helpless age and infant prattle,
Anxious wait our safe return—
These shall nerve our arms in battle—
These shall bless the Soldier's urn!

By the blood our Fathers wasted,
For blest FREEDOM'S fav'rite isle!
By the joys their Sons have tasted,
Underneath her fost'ring smile—
We, a tyrant's chain disdaining,
Only live the freeborn brave!
When no other hope's remaining,
We will fall on FREEDOM'S GRAVE!

SCOTÆ BRITANNUS.

BRITISH WAR SONGS.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

Selected (by permission of the author) from the popular entertainment of BRITONS STRIKE HOME* *now performing at the* SANS SOUCI.

THE CALL OF HONOUR.

COME, brother soldiers, join the cause,
At Honour's call your swords display;
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.

Bright Glory's ensign streams in air;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To heaven prefer a fervent prayer,
To conquer, as our cause is just.

* The motives which induced Mr. Dibdin to compose this respectable Entertainment, appear to be truly commendable; as it is equally calculated to conciliate the minds of the Natives of the different quarters of the UNITED KINGDOM, as to animate the general spirit against the proud menaces of an invading Foe.

In Honour's quarrel, oh, how sweet
To taste the joys that Victory brings!
Trampling indignant under feet
Those slaves who threat to tread on kings.

Come, brother soldiers, give the word,
Fate lures them here to find their graves;
The sword is drawn, fair Freedom's sword,
And fatal may it fall on slaves.

Hark! how, with loud and horrid yell,
They seek destruction on our shore?
But pallid fear their din shall quell,
Wolves cease to howl when lions roar.

Not then to fight, but to chastise,
Arm, arm, at Liberty's command:
Britons, at Freedom's bidding rise,
And lash the cowards from the land!

Come, brother soldiers, give the word;
While shouts victorious rend the air;
The sword is drawn, fair Freedom's sword—
Let Frenchmen tremble at its glare.

High Heav'n in this may ruin urge;
And Britain, eminently great,
Vile Slav'ry from the world to scourge,
May be the instrument of fate.

Come on, to fill Fame's ample page
Be Vengeance on these miscreants hurl'd;
The day that gives them to our rage
Shall Peace restore to all the world.

Come, brother soldiers, seek the trench,
To hostile hearts be vengeance driven;
Your foes are the insidious French,
Your quarrel is the cause of Heaven.

A WELCOME TO THE FRENCH.

SINCE united we are, one and all hand and heart,
And our union nor French nor the devil can part,
Come on, plagues of Egypt, and lean kine of Pharaoh;
The Irish shelaly, Scotch Andrew farara,
An English oak towel, shall bodder your breath
Wid a hug so fraternal, 'twill hug you to death.

Come on, thick as locusts and swarms of muskatoes;
Since we're one band of brothers and true to our troth,
You're welcome, mounseers, to the land of potatoes,
Roast beef and plumb-pudding, and Scotch barley broth.

Is it mad that the French are? hut, honey, be asy;
Fait and conscience dere not only mad but dere crazy;
And, as larned physicians, long life to ensure 'em,
Prescribe bleeding to madmen to kill em or cure 'em.
So, prepar'd well to physic their whole commonwealth,
We'll bleed 'em to death for the good of their health.

Come on, &c.

See their Puppet of State, full of sin unexampled,
At Boulogne kiss that cross which in Egypt he trampled;
Wid their vive Bonaparte, and my dear Mister May'r
You shall plunder de English; moshe oblige to you Sare!
Thus Jack Ketch to the taef, as the mob he harangued,
Cried long life to you Paddy, come here and be hanged.

Come on, &c.

We 're in arms, little Boney, and, as for the rest,
Fait when we're in earnest we're not used to jest;
Besides, were a bridge built from Calais to Dover,
The devil a Frenchman alive should come over;
Then turn men and good christians, repenting what's past,
Or the very first word that you speak is your last.

Come on, &c.

THE SOLDIER's OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE standard of Freedom's displayed,
Ye Britons your all is at stake!
Then sacredly, under its shade,
The firm oath of allegiance take.

While angels strong zeal shall impart
Let these words through the ranks loudly ring;
" I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
" To fight for my country and king."

By the shades of those heroes of old,
While inspiring the deeds of the brave,
With benignity now that behold
This struggle our country to save.

In their glorious career to take part,
So that fame my achievements may sing,
" I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
" To fight for my country and king."

For those friends that commend me and sigh,
Those dear comforts, my children and wife,
And every relative tie
That invigorates the springs of my life;

In a word, that our deeds may impart
Those joys peace and liberty bring:
"I swear, and may heav'n judge my heart,
"To fight for my country and king."

ERIN GO BRA.

SINCE Erin go bra is the song of the sod,
And adds zest to each Irishman's toast;
Let our land in proud duty be consciously trod,
And be patriot virtue our boast.

United and firm, each attempt to oppose
From allegiance our minds that would draw;
Of duty the friends, of sedition the foes,
So shall honour sing Erin go bra.

Than in Ireland, where nobler accomplishments meet,
Let them shew me the country who can;
'Tis the region of wit, hospitality's seat,
And for courage they'll fight to a man.

But as health breeds excrescences, spots dim the sun,
And the diamond exhibits a flaw;
By indulgence to errors our hearts shall be won,
While old England sings Erin go bra.

Ye deluded turn back; in a profligate crew
Who seek misery and shame without end;
Shake off disaffection, to duty be true,
And cherish your natural friend.

Be your only contention which fortunate isle
Shall our mutual enemies awe;
True glory shall court you, gay commerce shall smile,
And the world shall sing Erin go bra.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AT LLOYD'S.

IF the world ever saw a munificent act,
That Time might on adamant write,
Sons of Commerce 'tis yours—that mankind shall attract—
Astonishment mix'd with delight.

With

With a spirit so noble, so honourably given,
That all ostentation avoids:
Oh, of thousand, the prayers shall be put up to heaven
For the generous subscribers at Lloyd's!—

When the Briton stands forth for each Englishman's right,
Such encouragement misery beguiles;
And, though crippled and maimed in the glorious fight,
Pain's appeased and calamity smiles.

In his country's defence, though he risk limb and life,
He uneasy reflection avoids;
Ensured every wish of his children and wife
By the generous subscription at Lloyd's.

Then France, drunk with rage, to thy destiny start,
For plunder and riot grown warm,
Benevolence' voice shall appal every heart.
And humanity wither each arm.

Though thy turbulent leader no bounds can controul,
Though all reason and truth he avoids;
Let him consciously dread, and be struck to the soul
By the glorious subscription at Lloyd's.

ANTIENT BRITONS.

IF you of ancient Pritons speak,
The hardy sons of Gaul
Is of all Pritons you will seek,
Most ancientest of all.

And Romans, Saxons, Danes and Picts,
And Norman eke also,
Ne'er from their mountains could unfix
So tough and prave a foe.

As pards, and priests, and seers of old,
With crowdies, harps, and lyres,
Have sung, and have moreover told
About their kitchen fires.

And when at last, by Longshanks won,
For sureties and for pails,
They bowed not till he made hur son,
Got pless hur Prince of Wales.

You've peradventure heard, with choys,
At Cressy, and at France,
That many hardy Monmouth boys
Made Frenchmen skip and prance.

'Twas in a garden greens did crow,
And plumbs and pears, perhaps,
And leeks most peautiful also,
To grace their Monmouth caps;

Quivers of arrows they let fly,
And also us'd the sling,
As you shall hear, and by and by
Took pris'ner the French king.

Why was the tay I pray you won?
Why turned the French their tails?
Because black Edward led them on,
The gallant Prince of Wales.

At Agincourt was laurels worn,
When Henry took the field,
Henry, a Welchman pred and porn,
That thousands made to yield.

But

But Henry, as with rage he purned,
Did fall, and also lay,
When David Gam came in and turned
The fortune of the tay.

Then should the French put up our blood,
We're sons of David Gam,
And they'll find they might provoke as good
The devil and his tam.

Then strike the harp, and peat the string,
The French shall turn their tails;
For George, Got bless hur, is hur King,
And hur son is Prince of Wales.

THE BRITISH HEROES.

THE war's begun, the British fair
All weakness overcome;
The harp and lyre beneath their care,
Now hail the sprightly drum.

Like Sparta's matrons nobly great,
Wives, mothers, daughter vie
Who most shall heroes animate
To conquer or to die.

Sound the trumpet loud!
Bid the minstrel join
The prayer of yonder lovely crowd;
For our sons of fame,
In sounds divine,
Invoking each auspicious name
In battle to defend them.
Hail! they exclaim, rending the air,
O listen to our fervent prayer,
May victory attend them!

See, with delight, some lovely fair
Her parting hero deck,
A laurel wreath adorn his hair,
Her portrait grace his neck.

Thus armed, he pants to join th' attack;
She firmly bids him go,
And warns him soon to bring her back
Some trophy from the foe.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries, "My love's first joy,
Go, fame and honour bring;
From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
In trust, to serve thy king:

Yet, from the reeking slaughter come,
Whatever chance betide,
In safety bring thy father home,
Or perish by his side."
Sound the trumpet loud, &c

Thus shall the lovely British dame
To latest times be sung;
Great, brave, and noble, as the fame,
And honour whence she sprung.

Thus heroes perils shall survive,
Shall love and glory share;
And, angel-guarded, shall derive
Protection from the fair.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

THE AULD PIBROUGH.

ALLAN Ramsey and Burns,
Ha cheerly sung, by turns,
The deeds of the crouse, bonny, bra Scottish man,
Wi his arms awe sae sheen,
As they glistened in the een;
While the canty pipe, sae gay,
The auld pibrough did play—
"There never was a Scot but was true to his clan."

Fræ Ossian to Bruce,
The bra deeds to produce,
Would take monny and monny a long hour to scan;
For mickle were the bairds,
Sung the feats of Scottish lairds,
When the swankies in array,
The canty pipes did play—.
"There never was a Scot but was true to his clan."

With

With the bonnet aw so blue,
And the nimble dirk in view,
While the Andrew Farraro each arm
shall brawly span;
For the cause each bosom warms,
And they're awsome in arms,
While the foe to dismay
The warlike pipe shall play—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan."

From Egypt's burning sands,
Made red by Scottish hands
The invincible Skybalds fled aw to a
man;
For the standard that they bore
From its keeper's grasp we tore,
And the French were all dismayed,
As the pibrough we played—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan!"

Of that tune the second part
Shall fash each bangster's heart,
For if they dare approach we'll their
rear make their van;
Sons of Wallace and Bruce
Mighty vengeance let loose;
Ancient courage display,
While the canty pipes shall play—
"There never was a Scot but was
true to his clan."

VICTORY AND GEORGE III.

WHEN Dryden wrote, and Purcel sung
Britons strike home!
The patriot-sounds re-echoing rung
The vaulted dome.

To George, a soldier and a saint,
To consecrate his lay,
The poet prayed; his numbers paint
Our prayer of this day.

To George, our theme, a Briton born,
No less be honours given;
Whose various virtues might adorn
The registers of heaven.
Rise all who hear me, rise, and sing
Our hearts' dear chorus, God save the
King!

Since heaven first bade Britannia sway
The ample main,
And willed the wondering world to obey
Her mighty reign,

From power to power, the great behest,
By time was handed down;
That fame and glory might invest
The splendid British crown.

George was the boon by nature willed,
Now sovereign of the waves,
Who the conditions well fulfilled—
Britons should ne'er be slaves!
Rise all who hear me, &c.

Ye Britons bear in soul and mind
The glorious term;
And what your ancestors enjoin'd
Do you confirm.

Steady, in Freedom's glorious cause,
United heart and hand,
Fighting for honour and the laws,
Chase slavery from the land.

In Arthur's reign their swords they drew,
Heaven and St. George the word,
Arm, arm, and be the word from you
Victory and George the third.
Rise all who hear me, &c.

ON SEEING A MINIATURE OF BONAPARTE,

PENDANT FROM THE NECK OF A WOMAN OF QUALITY.

"WHAT, hang from the neck of a Lady?" cries Bill—
"Were ever such Folly and Impudence shewn?"
"For *hanging* indeed, he may *hang* where he will,
"But as to the *neck*, let it be *by his own!*"

Traveller.

SELECTED

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

By Mr. CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the centinal stars set them watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
To the house of my Father that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft,
In life's morning's march when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home, and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones miss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart!

Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn;
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Morning Herald.

SONG.

ARISE Brother Britons, in valour arise,
The Banner of Freedom's unfurled;
The day-spring of Victory beams from the skies,
The thunder of vengeance is hurled.

With our swords in our hands upraised to Heaven,
We swear we will never be Slaves;
And the Altar on which this proud promise is given
Is the turf of our forefathers graves.

For

For a King, our fond fathers, for laws we adore,
The dear tender ties of our love;
Like a band of true brothers we'll rush to the shore,
Our arms and our valour to prove.

Shall our sweet native Isle, so long Freedom's abode,
Be a prey to the Tyrant of Gaul?
No, no, by our honour, our fathers, our God,
We will save it or die at its fall.

Hark, hark, tis the bugle each warrior calls
Who shrinks not at Death's awful name;
To arms, haste to arms! every HERO that falls,
Shall die in the blaze of his fame.

A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS.

BONAPARTE, the bully, resolv'd to come over,
With flat-bottom'd wherries, from Calais to Dover;
No perils to him in the billows are found,
'*For if born to be hang'd he can never be drown'd.*'

From a Corsican dung-hill this fungus did spring,
He was soon made a Captain and would be a King;
But the higher he rises the more he does evil,
'*For a Beggar on Horseback will ride to the Devil.*'

To seize all that we have and then clap us in jail,
To devour all our victuals and drink all our ale,
And to grind us to dust is the Corsican's will—
'*For we know all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.*'

To stay quiet at home the FIRST CONSUL can't bear,
Or mayhap *he would have other fish to fry there*;
So as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,
'*He leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.*'

He builds barges and cock-boats, and craft without end,
And numbers the boats which to England he'll send,
But in spite of his craft, and his barges and boats,
'*He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.*'

He rides upon France and he tramples on Spain,
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a chain;
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand,
'*How one bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.*'

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,
'*But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well;*"
And when our brave soldiers this bully surround,
'*Though he's thought* PENNY-WISE, *he'll look foolish in* POUND.'

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and at shore;
And we'll speedily prove to this Mock-Alexander,
'*What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the gander.*'

I have heard and have read in a great many books,
Half the Frenchmen are tailors, and t'other half cooks;—
We've fine trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,
'*And the Cooks that come here will but spoil their own broth.*'

It is said that the French are a numerous race,
And perhaps it is true, '*for ill weeds grow a-pace;*'
But come when they will, and as many as dare,
'*I expect they'll arrive a day after the fair.*'

To invade us more safely these warriors boast
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from the coast,
That t'will '*be an ill wind,* will be soon understood,
For a wind *that blows* Frenchmen *blows nobody good.*'

They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,
But they'll find, '*they have got a wrong sow by the ear;*
Let them come then in swarms by this Corsican led,
And I warrant, '*we'll hit the right nail on the head.*'

A HUNDRED TO ONE, *or the Odds against* BONAPARTE.

By W. C. EMPSON, Esq.

SINCE the Gallic Ambassador's taken *French leave,*
And returned in high dudgeon to France,
At the loss of one Frenchman we never will grieve,
Though we care not how many advance.
As war is their fancy, why let them come on,
And attempt their long threaten'd Invasion;
To Arms, then to Arms! every Briton's brave Son,
Can we arm on a better occasion?

Bonaparte has confessed tis 'a hundred to one'
Britain's tars will not let them come over;
Let him try, should he dare,
But he'd better beware;
For should he elude 'em, she's many a brave Son,
Who would warmly receive him at Dover.

Now

Now for once the Chief Consul speaks truth I confess,
Though it seldom has happened before,
For him than no one living adheres to truth less,
Or to *falsehood* and *perfidy* more.
He declares to his *Slaves* through the Gallic domain
'*Single-handed*,' we never can beat 'em,
But we've proved the boast false, and will prove it again,
As often as NELSON can meet 'em.
Still the Corsican owns 'tis 'a Hundred to One,' &c.

Then collect, Bonaparte, all the troops you can bring,
And invade us at once if you can;
But remember we're true to our COUNTRY and KING,
And are loyal and brave to a man.
We invite you to come, and we'll soon let you know,
When insulted, what Britons can do;
For we always were ready at FACING A FOE,
And are anxious to meet him in YOU.
Then huzza, my brave boys, 'tis a Hundred to One,' &c.

THE FURY OF DISCORD: A WAR SONG.

By JOHN CARR, Esq.

IN a chariot of fire through hell's flaming arch,
The Fury of Discord appear'd,
A myriad of dæmons attended her march,
And in Gallia her standard she rear'd.

Thy name so enchanting, sweet Freedom! she took,
But in vain did she try to assume
Thy smile of content, thy enlivening look,
And thy roseate, mountainous bloom.

For wan was her visage, and frenzied her eye;
At her girdle a poniard she wore;
Her bosom and limbs were expos'd to the sky,
And her robe was besprinkled with gore.

Nature shudder'd and sigh'd, as the wild rabble past;
Each flow'r hung its beautiful head;
The groves became dusky, and moan'd in the blast,
And Virtue and Innocence fled.

She rose from her car, 'midst the yell of her crew;
Emblazon'd, a scroll she unfurl'd,
And on it, the dreams of Philosophy drew—
"'Tis the charter," she cried, "of the world."

Plunder, keen-ey'd and lean, rafig with plaudits the sky;
Murder grinn'd, as he whetted his steel;
While Blasphemy swore the Redeemer on high
Was the creature of folly and zeal.

The scaffold grew red with the blood of the brave,
Kings turn'd pale on their thrones at her nod;
While Loyalty flew to the gloom of the cave,
And Piety knelt to her God.

At length, after changing her chiefs at her will,
As their mischievous zeal grew remiss,
She sought a new fav'rite with dexterous skill,
From Obscurity's darkest abyss:

The powers of her monstrous adoption to try,
'Midst, Egypt, thy waterless waste!
She bade him the blast of thy desert outvie,
And defile all thy relics of taste.

The hero obey'd—with a merciful air,
He rung from thy natives a tear;
But the justice and valour of Britain e'en there
Shook his legions recoiling with fear.

Well pleas'd with his crimes, the Fury, with slight,
To her empire safe wafted him o'er;
While the spectres of Jaffa, with ghastly delight,
The murd'rer pursu'd to the shore.

Arriv'd—for his brow, lo! a turban she made,
Bright with gems pluck'd from Gallia's crown;
To give him a name, she Rome's hist'ry survey'd,
In the days of her early renown.

To embellish his guilt, or to soften its shade,
The Arts mournful captives she kept;
And the plund'rer and plunder of Europe display'd
To the wand'rer, who wonder'd and wept.

To support this apostate imperial shade,
This impious mock'ry of good,
She rais'd a banditti, to whom she convey'd
His spirit for plunder and blood.

The chiefs of the earth in a panic beheld
The flash of his sabre afar;
They enter'd—but pensively mov'd from the field,
And bow'd to this Idol of war;

Till

Till fum'd with the incense of slavish applause,
O'er the globe's fairest portion he trod;
And spurning it's liberty, spirit, and laws,
Conceiv'd himself rais'd to a God.

But England disdain'd to the Tyrant to bend;
Still erect, undismay'd she was found;
Infuriate, he swore that his bolt should descend,
And her temples should fall to the ground.

Yes, here, if his banner be destin'd to wave,
It shall float o'er her temples laid low;
Over piles of her children, who, loyal and brave,
Such a victory never will know.

Oh! banish the thought—for learn 'tis in vain,
Thus, thou maniac Tyrant, to boast;
As soon shall her base be remov'd by the main,
As her empire by thee and thy host.

The sound is gone forth—'tis recorded above:
To the mountain it spread from the vale;
"Our God, and our King, and our Country we love,
And for them we will die, or prevail."

Then hasten the day, if thy threat be sincere,
Let the winds blow thy myriads along;
Then soon may thy boasted Armada appear,
Soon our rocks catch the militant song.

Thy guardian, foul deity! hideous with crime,
Shall view, as she moves to our shore,
The Genius of Britain, mild, brave, and sublime,
And shall boast her achievements no more.

Oh! direful and strange will the contest appear,
Big with freedom to nations afar:
The good who confide, and the guilty who fear,
Shall join in the conflict of war.

In heaven, with smiles, shall the happy and blest
Lean over its bright-beaming walls,
To guide and support to the regions of rest
The soul of the patriot who falls.

Britannia! thy muse, on a rock high and steep,
The fate of the fight shall proclaim;
The strings of her lyre Inspiration shall sweep,
Recording each hero by name.

The world to its centre shall shake with delight,
As thus she announces their fall;
"They sink—our invaders submit to our might,
The ocean has buried them all." [*Loyalist.*

BRITISH THUNDER!

Perish the man whose mind is backward now.—SHAKESPEARE.

O'ER Albion's happy land again
Blood-thirsty Mars resumes his reign,
His crimson flag unfurls;
Bellona, in her iron car,
Sounds the tremendous trump of War,
Her direful vengeance hurls.

To arms! ye gallant hearts of steel,
And make these bold invaders feel
The force of *British thunder*;
Quick pour destruction on the foe,
And let proud *Bonaparte* know
He ne'er shall Britain plunder.

To scourge the pride of haughty France,
See, see, Britannia's sons advance,
And grasp the shining spear;
To guard their liberty and lives,
Their laws, their children, and their wives,
Brave Britons know no fear.

Should they e'er tempt the foaming wave,
Meet them, ye British seamen brave,
With true old *English thunder*:
Shew the vain-glorious sons of France,
Though unassisted we'll advance,
And save our land from plunder.

But should the base, the murd'ring band
On Albion's shore in darkness land,
And brave the *British lion*,
No cowards on our shore they'll meet,
No slaves to crouch beneath their feet;
This truth they may rely on.

The Frenchmen boast they'll freedom grant,
And on Albion's shore will plant
Their tree of liberty;
But here does freedom smiling live,
Such freedom Frenchmen ne'er can give:
Then to its standard fly.

Shall Britons bow to Gallia's lord?
Obey a tyrant Consul's word?
"No, no," they loudly cry;
"We'll guard our sacred shore from spoil,
From tyranny and Gallic wile;
And freely live, or die."

Then

Then o'er this land shall *George* still reign,
Britannia still shall rule the main,
Of future days the wonder:
While Freedom's flag remains unfurl'd,
We'll bid defiance to the world,
And hurl th' avenging thunder.

Loyalist. T. P. H.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

AN ADDRESS TO OLD ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

ROUSE, Volunteers, your warlike souls to arms,
Undaunted Heroes to the fight advance,
Let ev'ry breast be free from vain alarms
And bid defiance to aspiring France.

Invasion's threaten'd: hated Gallia boasts
She'll send her myrmidons with dreadful ire,
To strew your much-lov'd Albion's happy coasts,
With heaps of dead and desolation dire.

Then, fellow men, unite with heart and hand,
And fight with vigour in your country's cause:
Bold, meritorious, patriotic band,
Defend your rights, your liberties and laws.

Let ev'ry heart with lively ardour glow,
To guard its Sovereign, and its native land;
Let Justice point, and Vengeance strike the blow,
And hurl destruction on the lawless band.

Shall BRITONS sleep when BONAPARTE invades
Their Country's envied, but unconquered, plains?
Shall monsters ravish England's fariest maids,
And fix her sons in everlasting chains?

To a curs'd Tyrant's yoke shall BRITONS bend,
And Freedom's sons in bonds of slavery groan!
Shall independent souls with slaves contend
And Albion kneel at haughty Gallia's throne

No! not till Nature's laws shall cease to reign,
Not till the Sun for ever stays its course;
Not till the Heav'ns shall lose their starry train,
Or the loud tempest cease its boist'rous force.

Rise then Old England's Loyal Volunteers,
For hark! The God of War to glory calls;
Unite those hearts ne'er yet appall'd by fears—
And boasting Gallia's vile Usurper falls.

REGULUS.

A NEW SONG AND A TRUE SONG;

Or, the CHARACTER *of the* WRETCHES *who threaten to conquer* THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

DO you hear, my brave boys, what these scoundrels advance:
That Britain shall soon be a province to France;
That they'll do such exploits as shall make the world wonder,
And give up the nation to rapine and plunder?

Derry down, &c.

They are hoarse, these vain boasters, with tearing their throats
About their *invasions* and *flat-bottom'd boats:*
I don't think they'll venture to stir now they've got 'em,
If they should, they shall all go *down flat to the bottom.*

Derry down, &c.

Would you know who they are, with their threats to invade?
Who for ages have made of vain-boasting their trade?
A *Frenchman** himself calls them *beasts in our shape,*
A marvellous union of *tiger* and *ape.*

Derry down, &c.

Like *tigers,* they tear all they reach with their claws;
Like *monkeys,* they chatter with impudent jaws:
Like *tigers,* deceitful and cruel, they *slay*
All they get in their power, and devour them as prey.

Derry down, &c.

Like *monkeys,* they grin with a thousand grimaces,
And hold out their paws for *fraternal embraces!*
No offers of friendship, Monsieur, if you please;
For your *softest* embrace is a *bloody hard squeeze.*

Derry down, &c.

But who is the Hero that leads them this dance?
A *Corsican* stroller that stroll'd into France;
And as *virtue* in France for the most part miscarries,
T' insure his promotion, a *harlot*† he marries.

Derry down, &c.

The honours thus purchas'd, the miscreant has sullied,
Has promis'd, deceiv'd, intrigu'd, brib'd, and bullied;
Turns Atheist, turns Turk, and turns Christian at will,
His ambition to feed, and his coffers to fill.

Derry down, &c.

* Voltaire.

† The renowned *Madame Bonaparte* was ennobled by the *more than fraternal embraces of Barras*, in the plentitude of his power, after she had been *embraced* by General *Delhis*, who relieved her from the *embraces* of poor *Chenier* the poet. The Usurper, in consequence of this marriage, commanded the army in Egypt.

Destruction attends every step that he goes,
For he *poisons* alike both his *friends* and his *foes*;
He leaves his *invincible* troops to be beat,
And makes the *French* SLAVES, as he *steals* a retreat.
Derry down, &c.

Where now, ye mean vassals, has LIBERTY fled?
Her cap ye have *torn*, ye hug *chains* in her stead;
Ye *rattle* these chains, and are *proud of disgrace!*
You've EQUALITY still—for you're *equally base!*
Derry down, &c.

THE BRITISH MEDLEY.

IN wild confusion's lawless reign,
When madden'd France, like chaos, rose—
Contemn'd the Monarch of the main,
And breath'd around unnumber'd woes:
To England's coast her blood-stain'd arms she turn'd.
BRITANNIA cried, whilst her embrace she spurn'd,
Britons, strike home! Avenge your country's wrongs!
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

From ev'ry port, the willing crew
Launch'd forth, to cut the buoyant tide,
Their floating walls; as fav'ring blew
Each zephyr on old NEPTUNE's pride.
What tho' the foe did vainly dare the fight!
He loud exclaim'd, and sunk in whelming night,
Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Then coward treason dark combin'd,
And met the dastard traitor's doom.
United ev'ry Briton's mind,
Whose lifted sword shone through the gloom.
Peace gladd'ning echo'd o'er the tented fields,
Each voice proclaim'd, while rung the clanging shields,
God save great George our King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious!
Long to reign over us!
God save the King!

Yet, as the daring foe provoke,
By deeds of harsh aggressive war;
Again shall thund'ring hearts of oak
Their missive horrors spread afar.
The valiant seamen, scouring their domain,
Shall sing in myriads on their wat'ry reign—
We always are ready,
Steady boys, steady,
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

ANTICIPATION.

A SONNET.

By Wm. Wordsworth, Esq.

SHOUT, for a mighty victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low,
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow.
And left them lying in the silent sun
Never to rise again: The work is done.
Come forth ye Old Men now in peaceful show,
And greet your Sons! Drums beat, and Trumpets blow!
Make merry Wives, ye little Children stun
Your Grandam's ears with pleasure of your noise!
Clap Infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
That triumph when the very worst, the pain,
The loss, and e'en the prospect of the slain,
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys—
True glory, everlasting sanctity.

WAR ADDRESS.

RISE, ye Britons, march to glory,
Dauntless stand 'midst war's alarms;
Tell the Youth of future story,
That their Sires were great in arms.

What, tho' despot frenzy threaten
Louder than the raging waves:
Free-born warriors fight for Britain;
Gallia's soldiers are but slaves.

Tyrant! tho' thy troops victorious,
Darken yonder distant shore;
Here you'll find defeat inglorious;
Come, but you return no more.

Here, no Turkish host parading,
Here no tame Italian band,
Views afar the foe invading
March resistless o'er the land.

Here, each virtuous feeling tender,
Here, each dear domestic tie
Arms our every brave defender,
Arms to conquer, or to die.

Come, ye bands inur'd to plunder,
Come, and find a narrow bed;
Vengeance soon shall point her thunder
On your Despot's guilty head.

BONA-

BONAPARTE'S WILL.

AS I am on a voyage bent,
That may prove good or ill,
I thus confusion to prevent
Think fit to make my WILL.

And first *Madame*, my loving wife,
(Tho' sorry to forsake her),
I leave, should I depart this life,
To BARRAS—if he'll take her.

She of unfruitful vines was one!
I wish he still had kept her:
Then, happy, to a duteous *son*
I now might leave—my *sceptre*.

But not a needle do I care
Who wields it after me,
Provided he be no proud heir
Of Bourbon's family.

Then to my FELLOW CONSULS, next,
I leave their titled *bubble*—
To Talleyrand, this wholesome *text*,
"A man is born to trouble."

To my dear BROTHERS I bequeath
All they can get by *rapine!*
That is, provided that *my* death,
Ere I return, shall happen.

To my companions, brave in arms
(If they get safely over),
I give up all the wealth and charms,
Beyond the Cliffs of Dover.

My friends, the Italians, Dutch, and Swiss,
To me so true and steady,
I leave my fond *fraternal kiss*—
So now to die I'm ready.

HAFIZ.

Translated from the original Morning Post.

WAR SONG.

BRITONS cease your long forbearing
Let insults fire your gen'rous blood;
Arouse, arouse, to martial daring,
And deeds of noble hardihood.

Proud Frenchmen brave us—quick assemble—
Join Britannia's patriot band;
Make these boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

Freedom ever held her station
On this happy favour'd isle;
Freedom calls ye, rouse, brave nation,
Cease the works of Peace awhile.
Shall Frenchmen threaten our enslaving?
Shall slaves in Britain e'er be found;
Shall Gallic banners, proudly waving,
E'er be fix'd on British ground?

Now I mark your heart's quick motion;
Yes, let them come, I hear you cry;
Yes, let them pass our subject ocean!
Yes, let them come, they come to die.
Come, BONAPARTE, tyrant savage,
Thy armies marshal on our coast;
Awhile thy slaves our fields may ravage,
But ruin soon shall 'whelm thy host.

Gallant comrades, think of Cressy,
And Aboukir's well fought field,
Departed heroes shades will bless ye,
Whilst the avenging sword you wield,
Quick, ye gen'rous youths, assemble,
Join Britannia's patriot band,
Make those boasting Frenchmen tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

THE CHALLENGE.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*All Trades.*"

YE Gallic gasconaders,
Prepare your tools of war,
And prove yourselves invaders
Of Britain—if ye dare.

All eager, arm'd, and steady,
On shore, and on the seas,
Her gallant sons are ready
To meet you when you please.

September's reign is ended,
Our harvest safely home;
Then why, if you intend it,
Do you delay to come?
The nights are long and dark enough,
Your passage to secure;
But, lest the weather should prove *rough*
Your fleet of boats—*insure*.

Britania though a small land,
Possesses wond'rous wealth:
Old Italy and Holland,
And all you gain'd by *stealth*,
And all you got by dint of force,
With it cannot compare—
Here you may fill each empty purse,
And live on princely fare.

But mark! in this same speck of earth
A *native plant* is found,
Which from the day that gave it birth,
Has bloom'd all seasons round;
Tis deadly poison to the touch
Of Tyrants and of Slaves—
And sure as fate, ye French and Dutch!
Will send you to your graves.

Then come, ye gasconaders!
With all your tools of war,
And prove yourselves invaders
Of Britain—if ye dare.
All eager, arm'd, and steady,
On shore and on the seas,
Her gallant sons are ready
To meet you when *you please*.

Morning Post.

WAR SONG.

TUNE—"*God save the King*"

BRITONS prepare, prepare,
Bellona mounts her car,
And cries "To arms!"
Her standard now unfurl'd,
Strikes terror thro' the world,
Her darts with vengeance hurl'd,
Spread wide alarms

Sweet peace, once wont to smile
On this Heav'n-favor'd isle,
Alas! is fled!
A haughty tyrant's frown
Insults her fair renown;
Torn is the olive crown
From Beauty's head.

Envy, that hag accurst,
Of all the vices worst,
His heart inflames;
His threat Britannia heard:
Hark! plunder is the word!
Unsheath'd his murd'ring sword
At distance gleams:

Come on, thou vaunting foe,
Britons shall let thee know
Where freedom shines.
Their bullets, wing'd with fate,
Shall teach thee, tho' too late,
What vengeance does await
Thy rash designs.

God of our fathers, hear
Thy suppliant children's prayer,
Their cause defend.
So shall Britannia's sons
Defy his mirmydons,
And England's thund'ring guns
His projects end.

Their country's call inspires
Her sons with martial fires,
"To arms!" they cry.
See where her legions go
To meet th' invading foe,
The only word they know,
CONQUER or DIE!

J. S.

A SONG

For the VOLUNTEERS *in the Neighbourhood of* WOBURN ABBEY,

By JAMES WILLIS, Esq.

AROUND the land the din of arms,
Each heart with martial ardour warms!
We'll join the patriot band.

Determin'd to be free or fall,
We'll dauntless meet the braggart Gaul,
And Russel shall command.

Illustrious chief! to Britons dear,
Heir to that name which all revere,
Of Albion's isle the pride!
'Twas to assert his country's cause,
Our rights, our liberty, our laws,
His great forefather died.

A patriot king now fills the throne,
Whose sacred sway with joy we own,
Our safeguard and our shield.
In his defence all hearts unite,
Each bosom burns with fierce delight,
And rushes to the field.

Lo! where our free-born peasants join,
With princes in th' embattled line;
One soul inspires them all.
French spoilers from the earth to sweep,
Or whelm them in the ruthless deep:
To conquer or to fall.

Though nations crouching to his sway,
With unavailing groans obey
The despot's iron reign;
This soil no ruffian's bloody band,
No Gallic robbers grasping hand,
Unpunished, shall profane,

Here, if the tyrant dare to tread,
Swift vengeance on his guilty head,
In thunder shall be hurl'd.
High notes shall swell the trump of fame,
And nations hail, with loud acclaim,
The avenger of the world.

DUET AND CHORUS FOR FOUR VOICES,

Compos'd by DR. G. BAKER *of Derby.*

STAND round my brave boys,
With heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our King,
And as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

The Frenchmen shall fly,
As with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms,
We'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it Long live the King.

With hearts firm and stout,
We'll repel the bold rout,
And follow fair Liberty's call;
We'll rush on the foe,
And deal death in each blow,
'Till conquest and honour crown all.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c.

Then Commerce once more,
Shall bring wealth to our shore,
And Plenty and Peace bless our Isle;
The peasant shall quaff
Of his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c.

Kind love shall repay,
The fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn,
At her Soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.
The Frenchmen shall fly, &c

THE MAMMOTH.

SOON as the deluge ceas'd to pour
The flood of death from shore to shore,
And verdure smil'd again;
Hatch'd amidst elemental strife,
I sought the upper realms of life,
The tyrant of the plain.

On India's shores my dwelling lay,
Gigantic, as I roam'd for prey,
All nature took to flight!
At my approach the lofty woods
Submissive bow'd, the trembling floods
Drew backward with affright.

Creation

Creation felt a general shock:
The screaming eagle sought the rock,
The elephant was slain;
Affrighted, men to caves retreat,
Tigers and Leopards lick'd my feet,
And own'd my lordly reign.

Thus many moons my course I ran,
The general foe of beast and man,
Till on one fatal day,
The Lion led the bestial train,
And I, alas! was quickly slain,
As gorg'd with food I lay.

With light'ning's speed the rumours spread,
"Rejoice! Rejoice! the Mammoth's dead,"
Resounds from shore to shore.
Pomona, Ceres, thrive again,
And laughing join the choral strain,
"The Mammoth is no more."

In earth's deep caverns long immur'd,
My skeleton from view secur'd,
In dull oblivion lay;
Till late, with industry and toil,
A youth subdu'd the stubborn soil,
And dragg'd me forth to day.

In London now my body's shown,
And while the crowd o'er every bone
Incline the curious head,
They view my form with wond'ring eye,
And pleas'd in fancied safety cry,
"Thank Heav'n, the monster's dead!"

Oh mortals, blind to future ill,
My race yet lives, it prospers still;
Nay—start not with surprize:
Behold, from Corsica's small isle,
Twin-born in cruelty and guile,
A second Mammoth rise!

He seeks on fortune's billows born,
A land by revolutions torn,
A prey to civil hate;
And, seizing on a lucky time,
Of Gallic frenzy, Gallic crime,
Assumes the regal state.

Batavian freedom floats in air,
The patriot Swiss, in deep despair,
Deserts his native land;
While haughty Spain her monarch sees
Submissive wait, on bended knees,
The tyrant's dread command.

All Europe o'er the giant stalks,
Whole nations tremble as he walks,
Extinct their martial fire;
The Northern Bear lies down to rest,
The Prussian Eagle seeks her nest,
The Austrian bands retire.

Yet ah! a storm begins to low'r.
Satiate with cruelty and pow'r,
At ease the monster lies;
Lion of Britain, led by you,
If Europe's sons the fight renew,
A second Mammoth dies.

Cabinet.

ODE.

Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n

Milton.

WHEN Cæsar, by ambition led,
Our circumambient seas o'erspread
With his all-conquering host,
Think how our bold forefathers pour'd
Where'er the storm of danger lour'd
Around their native coast!

United in one common cause,
Their flaming vengeance knew no pause,
Their naked breasts no fear:
Rude were their arms, but firm their hearts—
Unskill'd in military arts—
Their blessings few, but dear.

By their heroic deeds inspir'd,
Shall not their prouder sons be fir'd,
And death or victory chuse?
When now a more rapacious foe
Aims at your isle a deadlier blow,
Think what *you* have to lose.

A

All that is dear in polish'd life,
All that is worth the martial strife,
Which ne'er your fathers knew:
O rouse! and guard your best delights:—
Your country's hopes—your country's rights
Your country looks to you!

By Virtue's prayers, by Age's fears,
By Childhood's charms, by Beauty's tears,
Unsheath the vengeful sword!
O spurn a faithless tyrant's yoke;
With spirits unsubdued—unbroke—
Nor trust his treach'rous word!

Will HE, whose desolating bands
Pour'd horror over other lands,
Respect your nation's rights?
Believe it not—Ambition knows
Compunction ne'er for human woes,
When wealth or pow'r invites.

When duty calls—when Heav'n inspires—
While lives the example of your sires,
And Freedom's name endures,
Britons, united, dare oppose
Your breasts to all invading foes,
And Victory shall be yours?

ANTICHRIST.

Since Satan, in the latter days,
Was destin'd Antichrist to raise,
Men look'd for his arrival;
Sometimes they doubted and demurr'd,
Again some new event occur'd
To give their fears revival.

But now the case is clear and plain,
None doubt of Antichrist's dread reign,
Since Bonaparte's began;
Whom, since he first in France was known,
His ev'ry word and act have shewn
The foe of God and man.

Behold him on Marengo's height,
When brave Dessaix restor'd the sight
His fault had nearly lost,
Doom the victorious chief to death,
Snatch from his brow the blooming wreath,
And his own prowess boast.

See him again on Egypt's strand,
Deserting the devoted band
Whom he to ruin led;
Them leaving his base arts to rue,
To France the false deceiver flew,
A new career to tread.

See him, on Jaffa's blood stain'd shore,
When he in Heav'n's dread presence swore
The vanquish'd Turks to save,
Four thousand captives sacrifice,
Scoff at their pangs, smile at their cries,
And rob them of a grave.

When driv'n from Acre's tow'rs with shame,
See him th' infernal project frame,
Then first conceiv'd and wrought,
With semblance of paternal care,
For his own sick the cup prepare
With mortal poison fraught.

See him the Christian faith abjure,
Partake of Tallien's rites impure,
And breathe his Pagan vows:
Heedless from whom he gain'd support,
Behold him, wild Barras to court,
His concubine espouse.

View him again on Delta's plain,
While yet he held his fleeting reign,
Complete his impious work:
Against his Saviour own his hate,
And vauntingly, in turban'd state,
Avow himself a Turk.

See him, of France First Consul proud,
Surrounded by a venal crowd
Of prostituted slaves,
Promulgating his stern decrees,
Arm'd at all points each state to seize
Which his dictation braves.

Prepar'd

Prepar'd to play a desp'rate game,
Hear him his mad design proclaim
'Gainst Britain's free born realm;
See Gallia's and Batavia's coast
Swarm with his vet'ran bands, who boast
Our island to o'erwhelm.

But let them come! we trust in God,
Whom we confess, who, at his nod,
Can their attacks repel;
Who can assert our rightful cause,
Can save our King, Religion, Laws,
And Antichrist can quell.

B

POL AND BEN.

A BALLAD.

"WHY weeps my Pol? why down her cheek
Descends the silent tear?
Why not to Ben her sorrows speak?
To whom she is so dear!

Come quickly, love, the truth impart;
With Ben use no disguise;
Says what it is that pains thy heart.
And dims those beauteous eyes?"

"Alas! I fear the cause to speak,"
The mournful maid replied;
"I know my Ben will think me weak,
And much my fears deride.

Yet where, oh, where! can Pol repose
The cause of her distress?
When Ben the real motive knows,
Say, will he love her less?

Oh! no; the British Sailor's breast,
For honest feeling fam'd,
Shares with the heart by grief opprest,
Nor of the tears asham'd.

This pity then, will Ben refuse,
To one he loves so well?
Will he not kind persuasion use,
Anxious her fears to quell?

But who, alas! shall still those fears,
When thou art far away?
My aching heart that summons hears,
Which thou must quick obey.

Do I not know the savage race,
With whom you've to contend?
Do I not know you'll ne'er give place,
Nor to the tyrant bend?

If in the contest you should fall,
And Bonaparte come,
In losing you, I lose my all,
My lover, friend, and home."

"Forbear, forbear," quick Ben return'd,
And wip'd away a tear:
His heart with fond affection burn'd,
Yet held his Country dear.

"Say, do you think us Britons fear
To call the French their foe?
Let the d—d *Corsican* appear;
We'll lay the lubber low.

Remember England's gallant sons;
Cheer up, my lass, and smile;
Do you forget the battles won
By NELSON of the NILE?

With such examples, shall us tars
Shrink when our Country calls?
Oh! no, we glory in those scars,
That save our Albion's walls.

Yet, though to Coun ry, King, and Laws,
Ben will be ever true;
While fighting brave in honour's cause,
His heart remains with you.

I'll fill a glass of grog, my Pol,
To wash away all care;
And the sweet Little Isle extol,
To British bosoms dear."

LAURINA.